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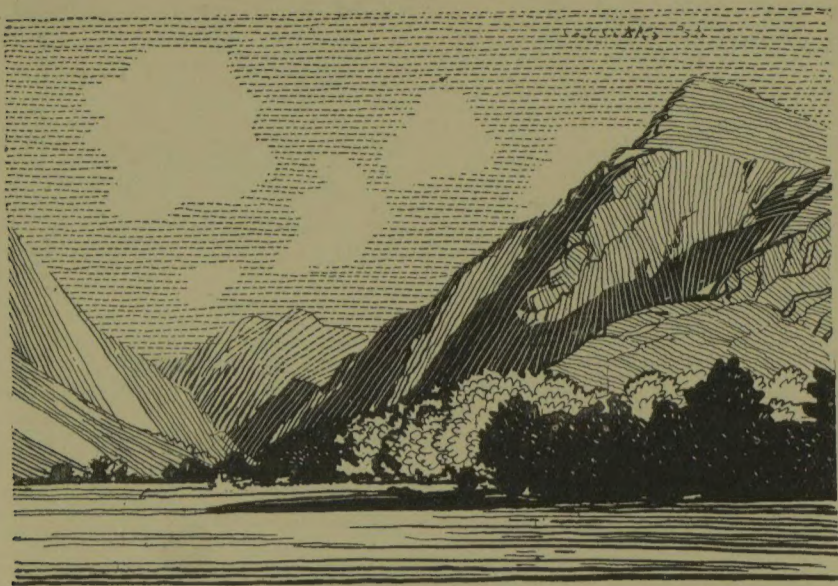
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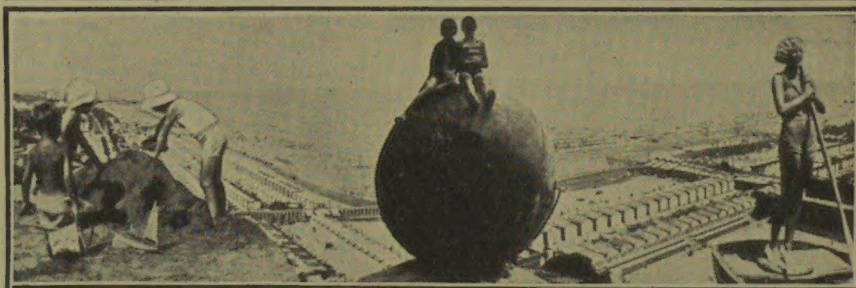
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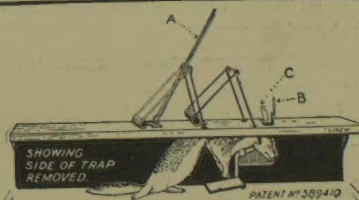
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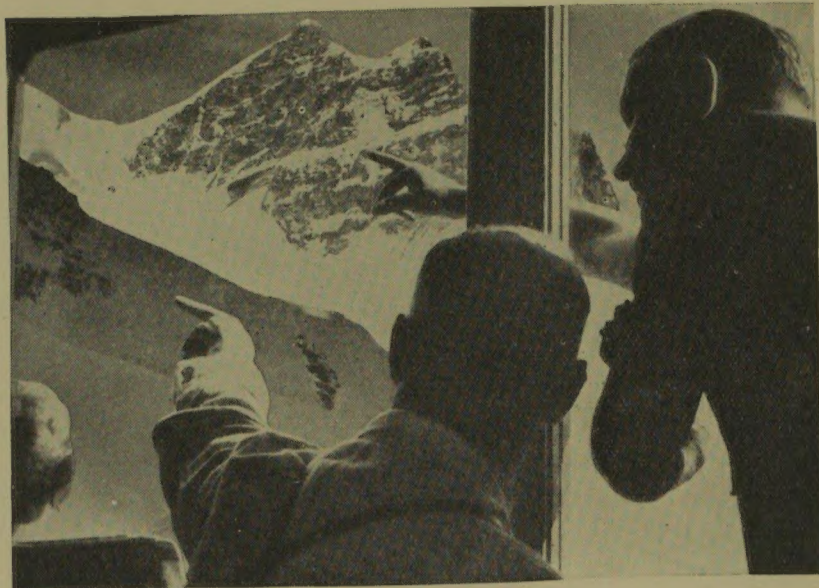
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SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1935.



**THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S ONLY GRANDDAUGHTER MARRIES THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK OF DENMARK:
CROWN PRINCESS INGRID, WITH HER HUSBAND, LEAVING STORKYRKAN AFTER THE CEREMONY.**

The wedding of Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark and Princess Ingrid of Sweden took place in Stockholm on May 24. The bridegroom, the eldest son of King Christian X. of Denmark, was born in 1899. The bride, who was born in 1910, is the only daughter of Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and of the late Princess Margaret (Princess Margaret of Connaught), and granddaughter of King Gustavus of Sweden and of the Duke of Connaught. Not since the war

have royal visitors from so many different countries gathered in one capital. Besides the members of the Swedish Royal Family, headed by King Gustavus, and the members of the Danish Royal Family, headed by King Christian and Queen Alexandrine, the congregation included the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway, the former German Crown Prince and Crown Princess, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is queer that there have been so many philosophical fancies about The Fourth Dimension, in a world in which so many people have not yet discovered The Third. For in that spirit of antic allegory we may say that the modern materialistic world has been in two dimensions and very flat; rather like the Loves of the Triangles or those fishes on the floor of the sea which are almost as flat as figures in geometry. For most periods and civilisations, except the modern period in our civilisation, have really had something which may be best described as a third dimension; a third dimension of depth. It was also, as in the mathematical parallel, a third dimension of height. One way of putting it is to say that people had more of an inner life; but it was an inner life that sank into the abysses and ascended to the sky. We commonly cover it with the name of religion; but it must here be used in a wider sense than anything that is commonly meant by Christianity. Indeed, one of the most obvious

Of course, we could find examples of the thing at every turn; for the old Pagan had an altar at almost every turning of the road, or even of the rooms of his house. I am not sure that it was not better for a man's soul to offer a sacrifice than to pay an insurance premium before going on a long journey. But I am quite sure that paying an insurance premium is not generally accompanied by stately music or statuesque attitudes; by the lighting of torches, the wearing of garlands, or the playing of flutes. It seems to me no more fanciful to imagine that the sea is a god or goddess, and invoke it when going on board a boat, than to try to pretend that a boat is not a boat at all, but a big and very vulgar hotel. But, anyhow, it will be admitted that anyone attempting to sacrifice to Poseidon on the pier at Portsmouth would attract remark, which he might not do by many much sillier things that he does. It is therefore not necessary here to discuss religion in its most serious sense of theology; for the same need was certainly

I realised this very vividly when I happened lately to re-read some of those Futurist fancies of the late Victorian time, the bright but changing dissolving views of Utopia which stretched from William Morris to Wells. I admire both those men of genius with quite unaffected warmth, and of the two I have perhaps more personal sympathy with the ideas of Morris. But I was surprised to find that both seemed almost equally limited by two dimensions, in the sense in which I use the term here. Now Morris was admittedly flat and decorative; his world was a wallpaper. It would seem at first sight that the world of Wells was the very opposite; with his chemical rays shooting in all directions, his titanic engines almost towering above space, his flying-ships looking down upon foreshortened skyscrapers, or his populations living in different strata, like the living fossils of different geological epochs. But on dipping again into those dazzling and apocalyptic fairy-tales of science, I have by this time almost exactly the



THE VISIT OF THE DUKE OF KENT TO EDINBURGH AS LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS (SEATED TOGETHER IN THE CENTRE) WITH THEIR HOUSE PARTY, INCLUDING THE PRIME MINISTER, AND THEIR SUITE, AT THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent arrived in Edinburgh on May 20, and the next day attended the Opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, to which the Duke this year is Lord High Commissioner. In our photograph, from left to right are seen—(seated) the Hon. Elizabeth Elphinstone, Lady Angela Scott, Miss Isabel MacDonald, the Secretary of State for Scotland (Sir Godfrey Collins), the Duchess of Atholl, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Prime Minister

(Mr. Ramsay MacDonald), Lady Mary Hope, the Duke of Atholl, Lady Victoria Wemyss, and Lady Anne Hope; (standing) the Mace-Bearer, Mr. Oswald Barclay, the Duke of Roxburghe, the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, Major Humphrey Butler, Major Ulick Alexander (Comptroller), Captain E. D. Stevenson (Purse-bearer), Dr. John Stirton (Chaplain), Lord Herbert, Mr. J. Lowther (Private Secretary), Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton, and Mr. J. Wilson Paterson.

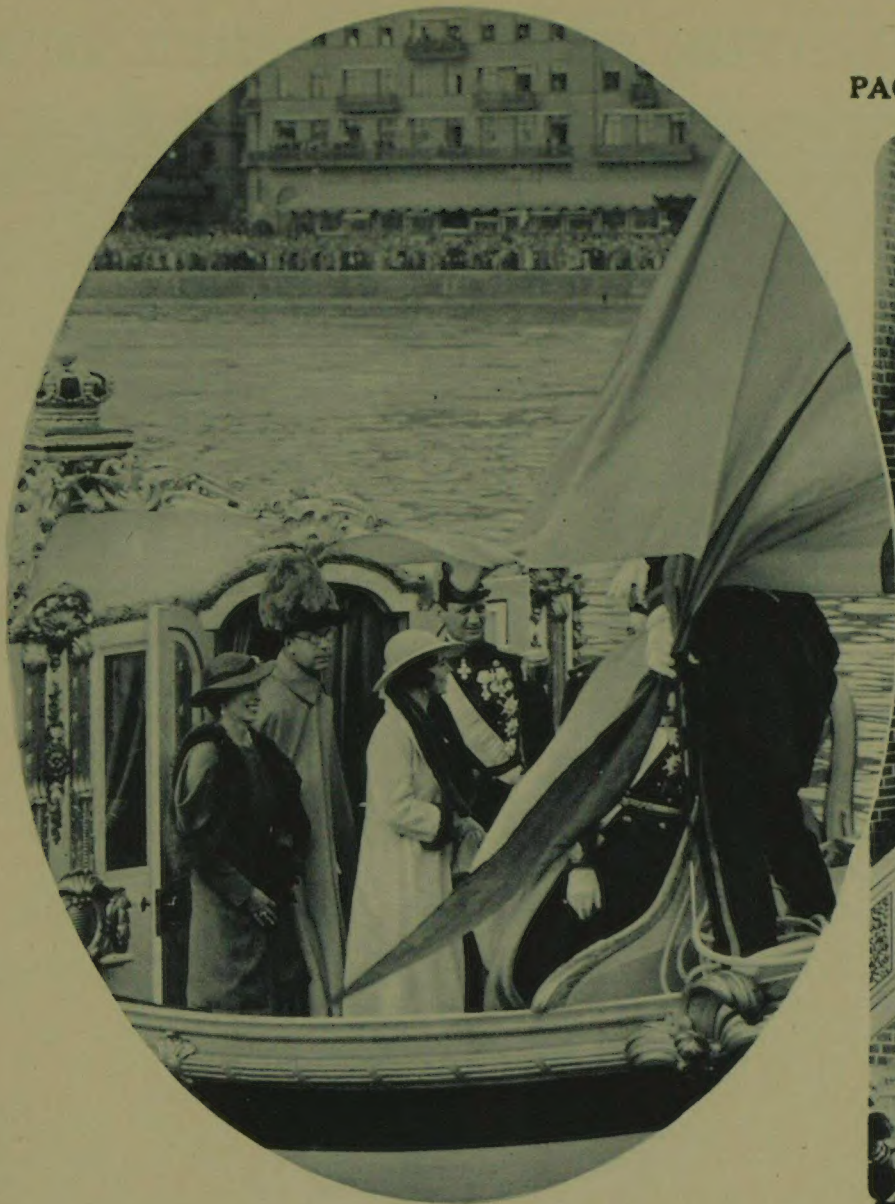
forms of it is commonly called Paganism. It was the sense that something was present in the most material actions of men, which was not material but mystical.

If two friends were drinking wine together, there was also a third friend present, for whom wine was actually poured out; the god who had given wine to the human race. To him the vine was sacred; and the vine remained sacred long after the god was rather vague. But it gave to the very act of drinking a ritual character, which was ultimately a religious character. Hence Socrates could drink not wine but poison with a gesture of piety; bidding his friends sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius. It is doubtful if anybody now proposes to sacrifice a cock to the god who invented cocktails. The patentee of cocktails, whoever he was, probably a Prohibitionist and Political Dry in the United States, is not now felt as a shadowy friend who revisits the Night-Club in the watches of the night. But a Symposium actually meant a drinking-party, rather than the discussion that went with it; and it now means a very dry discussion indeed. Yet the Symposium of Plato, honoured by the presence of Socrates, was rather more intelligent than the talk in a Night-Club; and is associated with pure spirituality rather than with mixed spirits. The death of Dionysus has not improved the drinking—or the thinking. And we enlightened moderns have drinks without any conversation in a restaurant; and a symposium without any drinks in a magazine.

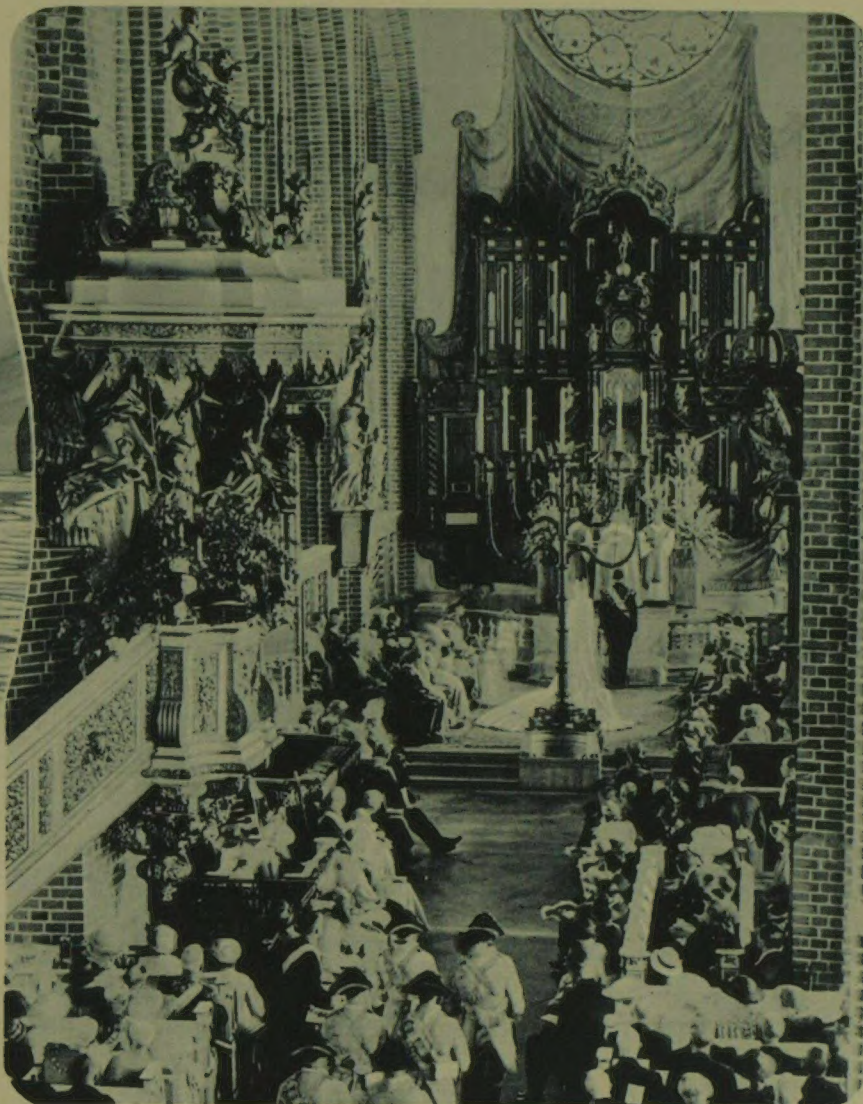
admitted and partly supplied in periods of pure mythology. I am not now discussing it in its relation to truth, but rather in its relation to psychology, which is generally a very different thing. But perhaps the supreme example of the mistake, which even mythology partly helped men to avoid, may be found in the immemorial religious element in the marriage rite. It is a catchword of our time to cast mockery at the sort of romance that ended with wedding-bells; but our world is already discovering, through its own acrid chronicles of divorce and despair, why Hymen was a god as well as Cupid. I have used the figure of the Loves of the Triangles; but perhaps, oddly enough, it is often the tragedy of this modern love that it is not a triangle. I am aware that there is a threadbare and rather shabby theme that is vulgarly identified with the triangular figure; but there is something deeper and more dignified which deserves much better to be called by the title of the Eternal Triangle. It is the third thing with which the lovers are united at the wedding, as the friends were united over the wine-cup. It is that third dimension of something deeper and more divine which increases all that is most happy and human. We say that it takes two to make a quarrel; and where they are really only two, they probably will quarrel. We say that two is company and three is none; and we shall have gone much deeper into the deepest realities before we discover what even the heathens knew: that three is company and two is none.

same feeling that I had about the flat flowering trees and symmetrical green draperies of "The Earthly Paradise." It was some time before I could put a name to this nameless sensation of comparison in face of such a contrast. Doubtless it was partly due to the accident that the romances were written when most of us, whatever our opinions, did vaguely associate the advance of science with the progress of peace and justice. Blood as well as water has flowed since then under the aerial suspension-bridges; and the flying-ships have done other things to the skyscrapers as well as look down on them. Nobody can blame Mr. Wells for that; for he prophesied the War in the Air before it came, and protests still against its coming; but it may be that its actual coming has made the iron birds look more like vultures and less like doves. But I am convinced that there is a much deeper reason. And it is the difference I have indicated, touching the point on which the old Pagans were so much more fortunate than the new Pagans. It is expressed in the fact that so many men since then have actually found it easier to believe in Paradise than to believe in Utopia; not from any mean belittlement of the magnificent genius of man, or even any doubt of his power to transform the world into the most amazing and revolutionary new shapes and phases; but simply because they doubt whether man can be happy even in a happy world, when the riddle is written in his heart that two worlds are better than one.

THE SWEDISH ROYAL WEDDING: PAGEANTRY ON LAND AND WATER IN STOCKHOLM.



WELCOMING THE BRIDEGROOM'S PARENTS ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN STOCKHOLM: PRINCESS INGRID AND HER FIANCÉ, WITH HER FATHER AND STEPMOTHER, THE CROWN PRINCE AND CROWN PRINCESS (LEFT), MEETING THEM IN THE ROYAL BARGE.



THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS INGRID AND CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM BEFORE THE ALTAR, WITH NO BEST MAN, AS IS THE SWEDISH CUSTOM, AND WITH SOLDIERS IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY UNIFORM IN THE AISLE.



THE CEREMONIAL DRIVE THROUGH STOCKHOLM AFTER THE WEDDING: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM ACKNOWLEDGING THE EXTRAORDINARY DEMONSTRATION OF POPULAR LOYALTY AND AFFECTION WITH WHICH THEY WERE GREETED.

Three Kings—King Gustavus of Sweden, King Christian of Denmark, and King Leopold of the Belgians—and sixty-three Princes and Princesses were among those who attended the wedding of Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark and Princess Ingrid of Sweden in Storkyrkan (the Big Church), Stockholm, on May 24. The marriage ceremony, which was conducted by the Archbishop of Upsala (Dr. Eidem) according to the Swedish Lutheran ritual, was broadcast from all Scandinavian wireless stations. The firing of a royal salute from the naval station marked the end of the service, and the waiting crowds then had their opportunity to



THE FIRST STAGE OF THE HONEYMOON: THE "SAILOR PRINCE" OF DENMARK AND HIS BRIDE WAVING TO THE CROWD AS THEY LEAVE TO EMBARK ON THE DANISH ROYAL YACHT "DANNEBORG" FOR COPENHAGEN.

express, in the greatest ovation ever known in Sweden, their loyalty and affection for the Royal Family. In their ceremonial drive in an open carriage through northern and western Stockholm the newly married couple were preceded by a detachment of Life Guards. The streets were decorated with the Swedish and Danish colours, and the fine sunny weather added to the brilliance of the scene and to the gaiety of the spectators. Soon afterwards their Royal Highnesses embarked on the Danish royal yacht "Danneborg" for Copenhagen, while a squadron of thirty-six Swedish aeroplanes cruised overhead.

MASSED BRITISH MUSIC BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN: THE ALBERT HALL FESTIVAL, WHICH HAD A "COMMAND" ADDITION.



THE KING AND QUEEN STANDING IN THE ROYAL BOX JUST AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL, WHEREUPON TRUMPETERS BLEW A FANFARE OF WELCOME.

A MUSICAL SYMPOSIUM WITH NEARLY 2000 PERFORMERS AND DELEGATES FROM THE GREAT SILVER JUBILEE COMMAND CONCERT GIVEN IN THE ALBERT HALL—(NEAR LEFT CENTRE FOREGROUND)

ON May 24 the King and Queen attended a great concert given by royal command in the Albert Hall representing the national songs and music of England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland. Some 200 different choirs, in various parts of the kingdom, had sent their chosen singers, and the total number of voices was 1700. Altogether, nearly 2000 performers took part in this Jubilee tribute organised by the Master of the King's Music, Sir Walford Davies. On their Majesties' arrival fifty trumpeters stationed high up in the great building blew a fanfare of welcome, and then, at a signal from Sir Henry Wood at the conductor's rostrum, the whole assemblage turned towards the Royal Box and sang the National Anthem. With the King and Queen were Princess Victoria, the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood,



SOME 200 CHOIRS FROM ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, WALES, AND NORTHERN IRELAND: SHOWING THE ROYAL BOX (IN CENTRE BACKGROUND) AND SIR HENRY WOOD CONDUCTING AN ITEM ON THE PROGRAMME.

and Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone. The whole floor of the hall was filled by massed choirs, while others, with famous orchestras, occupied the platform. During the interval Sir Walford Davies broadcast a message of thanks from the King to all musical and choral societies throughout the country that had contributed to the occasion, and the concert itself was also broadcast. Just before Parry's festival song "England," which was to have been the final item, Sir Walford Davies announced the express wish of their Majesties that Parry's "Jerusalem" should also be given, and that the whole audience should take part. The King and Queen themselves stood at the front of the Royal Box and joined in the singing. When their Majesties left at the end of the concert there was another great outburst of loyal enthusiasm.



THE ROYAL PARTY SEATED IN THE ROYAL BOX, WITH SIR WALFORD DAVIES, MASTER OF THE KING'S MUSIC, STANDING AT THE BACK (LEFT).



A ROYAL OCCASION IN THE CITY OF A CHARACTER UNPRECEDENTED FOR NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS: THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE BALL IN GUILDHALL—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE SCENE WHEN THEIR MAJESTIES HAD

The great Reception and Ball given by the Corporation of the City of London at Guildhall on May 22, in honour of the Silver Jubilee, and attended by the King and Queen, was the first evening function at which a reigning Sovereign had been present there for ninety-eight years, since Queen Victoria came to a banquet in Guildhall in the year of her accession. Other royal guests were the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Gloucester, Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone,

and the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke. The company numbered in all some two thousand, and the great building, beautifully decorated and transformed into a palace of flowers, provided a magnificent setting for a scene of splendour and gaiety unparalleled in the City within living memory. On the dais of the Great Hall had been erected a canopy of crimson velvet with a background of white satin bearing the Royal Arms worked in heraldic colours. The King and Queen were welcomed on

arrival by the Lord Mayor, Sir Stephen Killik, who wore his crimson robe, and the Lady Mayoress. Dancing had been suspended, and their Majesties were conducted to the dais, a way being made through the throng of guests by the Common Councillors with their official wands. After some presentations had been made the Lord Mayor invited the King and Queen to make a tour of the building. They visited first the Court of Aldermen, in which the Lord Mayor presented to their Majesties the Corporation's

Jubilee gift, a handsome antique clock of the Stuart period. Next they proceeded, in turn, to the Library, the Royal Retiring-Room, the Court Room, and the Council Chamber. Meanwhile, dancing had been resumed in the Great Hall, and the King expressed a wish to watch the scene. The royal party then returned to the dais, where their Majesties remained looking on as shown in our artist's illustration, until the time for their departure. The Duke and Duchess of York danced together in a waltz.

BY HENRY C. BREWER, R.I., WHO WAS PRESENT ON THE OCCASION.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"HALF MILE DOWN": By Dr. WILLIAM BEEBE.*

(PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE.)

MAN, being a very small speck of matter glued to a larger (but still small) speck of matter by the force of gravitation, has recently made some gallant attempts to break his bonds. Professor Piccard has ascended 72,000 feet into the air, which is nearly three times as high as any mountaineer has climbed, and about one-and-a-half times as high as any aeroplane has flown. But downwards man has hardly penetrated at all; his deepest mine has merely scratched the earth's crust to the insignificant depth of 8500 feet. As for the ocean, he has done little more than skim its surface. "Modern oceanographic knowledge of deep-sea fish," writes Dr. Beebe, "is comparable to the information of a student of African animals, who has trapped a small collection of rats and mice, but is still wholly unaware of antelope, elephants, lions and rhinos." The greatest depth to which an armour-clad diver has descended is 525 feet; it is an enormous advance, therefore, that Dr. Beebe's bathysphere has explored as far as 3028 feet without serious mishap. But even this is only a quarter of the average ocean depth! There is still plenty of sea-room for the inquisitive!

It is unnecessary to recall to readers of this journal Dr. Beebe's many scientific exploits in the waters off Bermuda—perhaps Shakespeare anticipated Dr. Beebe's indefatigable efforts

communicating to his readers the zest of his own adventures and enthusiasms. He urges us all to don a diving-helmet, descend some 60 feet into the water, and enter into a new and fascinating world. Seated at ease upon a block of coral, you can write, sketch, paint,



A PERIL OF CONTOUR DIVING (MAPPING THE SEA BOTTOM FROM THE BATHYSPHERE): A TALL CORAL REEF MENACING THE DIVERS.

"The greatest danger we have ever experienced in contour dives was this tall reef which towered suddenly, and up and over which we were drawn just in time to escape its jagged cliffs. Just beyond is seen the old Bermudian glacial beach."

Reproductions by Courtesy of John Lane, The Bodley Head, Publishers of "Half Mile Down."

or take photographs. If a moray eel (some 8 feet long) should be too attentive, just give it a kick (as Dr. Beebe did on one occasion), and it will retire abashed. If you feel something brushing against you, and suddenly realise that it is a shark, take no notice—it has no hostile intentions, but is merely indulging a legitimate curiosity. From none of the monsters of the deep has Dr. Beebe ever stood in danger, despite his innumerable explorations.

But the dangers of the great depths are very different and far more formidable. Here man has to reckon with forces which, at a touch, would crush him into nothingness. It was to defy this threat that the great metal ball of the bathysphere was devised. The co-operation of the New York Zoological Society, the National Geographic Society, and the designer, Mr. Otis Barton (who, besides endowing it, repeatedly descended in it), made the experiment possible.

The sphere, first used in 1930 (and illustrated in this paper then and subsequently), is 4 feet 9 inches in diameter, and is a whole casting of steel, with walls $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, weighing 5000 lb. The "door," weighing 400 lb., is fixed over the main opening by ten screw-bolts, and one central wing-bolt. The windows are of fused quartz, 3 inches thick and 8 inches in diameter; provision was made for three of these windows, but two only were used; the quartz proved to be of singular clarity and safety. The atmospheric system consisted of oxygen tanks, with automatic supply-valves, which worked perfectly, and never gave the least anxiety. The atmosphere is mechanically circulated: calcium chloride absorbs moisture, and soda-lime eliminates carbon dioxide. In addition to the 3500 feet of steel cable by which the sphere is operated, there is an insulated cable (paid out by hand and attached to the main cable by ties at every hundred feet) to conduct the electrical circuit for telephone and searchlight. These seem to have worked admirably; Dr. Beebe was in constant telephonic communication with his colleagues on deck, his observations were recorded moment by moment, and (as many will remember) he even broadcast *de profundis*. The searchlight was in constant use, and caused no concern, except when it threatened to heat the windows beyond safety-point. We omit details of the other scientific instruments which the sphere contained; after the experience gained in 1930, they were improved in many particulars for the descents of 1934. It may be imagined that the

inside of this hard, cold ball was no bed of roses; Dr. Beebe and Mr. Barton, however, contrived to coil up within it, and their most painful experience was "uncramping" themselves on their return to the surface. More than thirty dives were made, to varying depths, between 1930 and 1934, all in the vicinity of Bermuda. In 1932 it seemed as if all nature was protesting against Dr. Beebe's incorrigible curiosity, for the "bathysphere broadcast" was preluded by an almost total eclipse of the sun, by a riot of meteors, and by a hurricane! If ever a man defied omens it was Dr. Beebe.

What this audacious ball of metal was challenging is best understood when we remember that, at a depth of 3000 feet it was under a pressure of 1360 lb., or well over half a ton, to the square inch. "Each window held back over nineteen tons of water, while a total of 7016 tons were piled up in all directions upon the bathysphere itself." Many tests had to be made before the divers themselves could descend, and in some cases the results were not reassuring. Once the rubber hose became badly snarled and tangled with the steel cable. During one test, an imperfectly packed window gave way, and admitted water at a depth of 2000 feet. When the sphere was brought up and the bolts loosened, the water, under terrific pressure, gushed like a geyser, and flung the 400-lb. steel door across the deck like a shot from a gun. On another occasion, during a "contour dive," the bathysphere narrowly escaped wreck on a great submarine cliff. One dive had scarcely begun before a "perfect cataract" of water began to pour in at the door. Perhaps most disconcerting of all was it "to feel the great steel ball rolling back and forth like a football" during a heavy swell. However, all hazards were survived, and Dr. Beebe's life continued to be charmed.

It is to be presumed that Jonah would have found it difficult to describe his experiences inside the whale; and

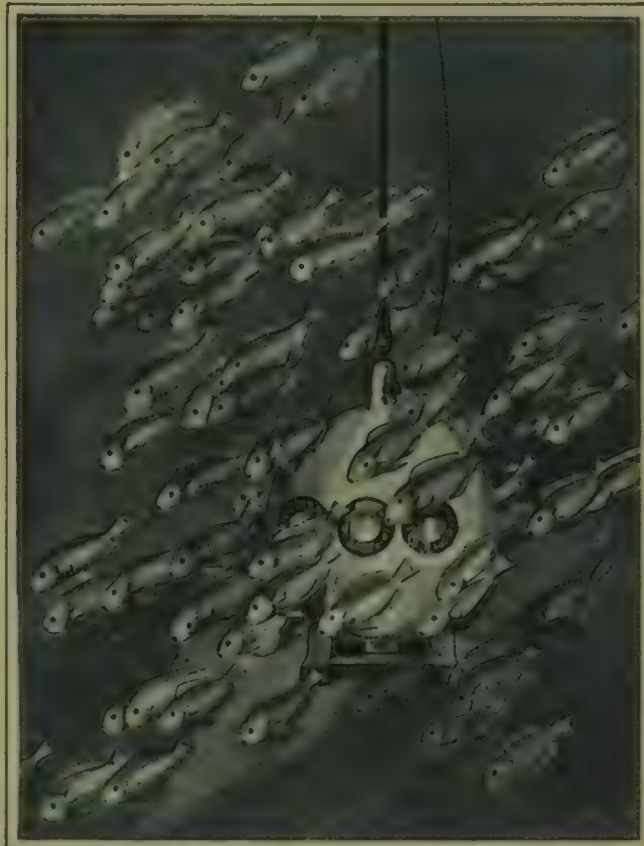


IN DAVY JONES'S LOCKER: PARROTFISH BEING CLEANED BY A SCHOOL OF WRASSE, WHICH EAT CORAL DETRITUS ADHERING TO THE TEETH AND SCALES.

In the wonderful bathysphere descents of Dr. Beebe off Bermuda, a new world was revealed, utterly unfamiliar to humanity before. This was one of the sights seen. "After browsing on living coral," writes Dr. Beebe, "the Green-toothed Parrotfish up-ends in mid-water and allows the numerous small wrasse which collect to clean its teeth and scales of all adhering débris. This kindness is reciprocal, for much of the coral detritus is edible to the smaller fish."

when he described those waters as "still-vest." Nor need we commend this zoologist's celebrated gift of

* "Half Mile Down." By William Beebe, Sc.D., LL.D., Director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society. With eight illustrations in colour, and 123 in Black and White. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 18s.)



GIANT PARROTFISH MIGRATING INTO THE DEPTHS: A SCHOOL PASSING THE BATHYSPHERE AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

"A mile off Bermuda and forty feet down, a school of thousands of Blue Parrotfish one day passed the window of the bathysphere, headed for the outer cooler depths of the sea."

even Dr. Beebe's literary fluency is daunted by the task of conveying the sense of illimitable isolation which engulfs a man in the abyss of ocean. "There came to me at that instant a tremendous wave of emotion, a real appreciation of what was momentarily almost superhuman, cosmic, of the whole situation; our barge slowly rolling high overhead in the blazing sunlight, like the merest chip in the midst of ocean, the long cobweb of cable leading down through the spectrum to our lonely sphere, where, sealed tight, two conscious human beings sat and peered into the abyssal darkness as we dangled in midwater, isolated as a lost planet in outermost space. Here, under a pressure which, if loosened, in a fraction of a second would make amorphous tissue of our bodies, breathing our own home-made atmosphere, sending a few comforting words chasing up and down a string of hose—here I was privileged to peer out and actually see the creatures which had evolved in the blackness of a blue midnight which, since the ocean was born, had known no following day; here I was privileged to sit and try to crystallise what I observed through inadequate eyes and interpret with a mind wholly unequal to

(Continued on page 1002.)

OPERA ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS: "THE MAGIC FLUTE" AT GLYNDEBOURNE.



"THE MAGIC FLUTE," WITH WHICH THE MOZART FESTIVAL AT GLYNDEBOURNE WAS OPENED ON MAY 27: THE BETROTHAL SCENE IN THE TEMPLE OF ISIS; WITH WALTHER LUDWIG AS TAMINO AND AULIKKI RAUTAWAARA AS PAMINA.



A GERMAN TENOR AND A FINNISH PRIMA DONNA IN MOZART'S "THE MAGIC FLUTE"—ITS FIRST PRESENTATION AT GLYNDEBOURNE: WILLI DOMGRAF-FASSBUNDER AS PAPAGENO AND AULIKKI RAUTAWAARA AS PAMINA.

Last year's experiment of presenting Mozart's operas in the beautiful setting of Glyndebourne, near Lewes, was so brilliantly successful that a more ambitious programme has been decided on this year. The fortnight has been extended to five weeks, and "The Magic Flute" (with which the Festival was opened on May 27) and "Seraglio" are being given in addition to "Figaro" and "Così fan tutte." Dr. Fritz Busch is again the principal conductor, and



THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE OF NATURE AND REASON IN "THE MAGIC FLUTE": IVAR ANDRESEN AS SARASTRO, HIGH PRIEST OF ISIS (CENTRE); WITH WALTHER LUDWIG AND AULIKKI RAUTAWAARA (LEFT).

Dr. Carl Ebert is again the producer. Mr. Hamish Wilson has designed the scenes and costumes. Very distinguished casts of singers have been engaged, including Irene Eisinger, Luise Helletsgruber, Constance Willis, Ina Souez, Mila Kocowa, John Brownlee, and Heddle Nash. Mr. Christie, the founder of the Opera House, has had various striking improvements carried out there this year. The amenities for both audience and performers are now exceedingly good.

THE MODERN SIDE OF

TROOPS WITH REGULATION UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENT, UNDER
TYPICAL BAREFOOT SOLDIERS OF THE

AN ABYSSINIAN MULE BATTERY THAT USES ANIMALS IMPORTED FROM ITALY! LIGHT ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH, CROSSING ROUGH GROUND BAREFOOT AMONG TREES AND CACTUS.



IN DIFFICULT TERRAIN TYPICAL OF ABYSSINIA: MEN OF A MACHINE-GUN CREW TRANSPORTING THEIR GUN AND MUNITIONS, AT THE DOUBLE, THROUGH A STONY RAVINE.



MODERNISED BUT BAREFOOTED ABYSSINIAN INFANTRY PASSING THROUGH A TOWN, WATCHED BY THE INHABITANTS: A REGIMENT ON THE MARCH TO THEIR BASE, IN COLUMN OF FOURS.



ABYSSINIAN ARTILLERY AT PRACTICE: BAREFOOTED GUNNERS OPERATING A FIELD-GUN CAMOUFLAGED AMONG TREES AGAINST OVERHEAD OBSERVATION FROM THE AIR.



SEVEN FOOT ONE IN HIS BARE FEET! A GIANTIC DRUM MAJOR OF AN ABYSSINIAN MILITARY BAND, OTHER MEMBERS OF WHICH ARE SEEN BEHIND.



THE PROGRESSIVE RULER OF ABYSSINIA AT AN ANXIOUS PERIOD OF HIS REIGN: THE EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE I, WATCHING HIS TROOPS PARADE.



THE SWEDISH MILITARY ADVISER TO ABYSSINIA: GENERAL ERIC VIRGIN (LEFT) SHOWING THE PLAN OF MANOEUVRES TO THE EMPEROR'S SECRETARY.

THE ABYSSINIAN ARMY:

EUROPEAN INSTRUCTION, BUT, STRANGELY, WITHOUT BOOTS:
EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA IN TRAINING.

THE FIELD EQUIPMENT OF ABYSSINIAN TROOPS—EVERYTHING A WHITE SOLDIER HAS EXCEPT BOOTS: BAREFOOTED INFANTRY ON PARADE.



RIDING WITH THEIR BARE FEET IN THE STIRRUPS: TWO TYPICAL MEMBERS OF AN ABYSSINIAN CAVALRY REGIMENT, OTHERWISE PROVIDED WITH FULL MODERN UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENT.



OPERATING AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN: A UNIFORMED GUNNER PUTTING HIS BARE FOOT AGAINST THE TRIPOD STAND TO GET A PURCHASE ON IT.



AN ABYSSINIAN VETERAN OF THE GREAT WAR: AN INFANTRYMAN WEARING FOUR WAR MEDALS (INCLUDING THE 1914-15 STAR).



A MEMBER OF ABYSSINIA'S SMALL AIR FORCE (FURTHER ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 976): A TYPICAL PILOT.

USING THE TOES OF BOTH FEET TO KEEP STEADY THE TRIPOD GUN-stand: A BAREFOOTED MACHINE-GUNNER OF THE OTHERWISE MODERNISED ABYSSINIAN FORCES.

The tension between Italy and Abyssinia was very much eased, during last week-end, by the arrangements for arbitration accepted by both parties and embodied in a resolution by the Council of the League of Nations. This fortunate result of the recent negotiations was largely due to the efforts of Mr. Anthony Eden at Geneva. Meanwhile Signor Mussolini, in his speech on foreign affairs to the Chamber of Deputies in Rome on May 25, said in allusion to Abyssinia: "The problem dates back to 1925, and three years later came the political treaty. Except for Article 5

(*i.e.*, that providing for arbitration on disputed points), the treaty has proved a dead letter. From 1929 Abyssinia began to reorganise her army, and in 1930 the European factories began to supply war material on an imposing scale. The clash at Walwal gave the signal for the situation since developed, and for the bare defence of those two strips of territory known as Eritrea and Somaliland it is necessary to face geographical and strategic difficulties of enormous complexity." The interesting photographs here reproduced, showing the modernised portion of

the Abyssinian forces, are accompanied by descriptive notes, in which we read: "One series of pictures shows field manoeuvres of the Ethiopian soldier. The Emperor's troops, under the tutelage of European instructors, have in two years approached the perfection of European troops, and what is lacking in training, if anything—so say their officers—is made up in enthusiasm. The 'regular' troops, trained by the Emperor's Western officers, are under his personal command, while the 'irregulars' are commanded by provincial governors." Recently, 107 student

officers carried out manoeuvres before the Emperor, and "he was shown what his Army leaders-to-be had learned from Swedish officers. Ethiopia claims to have the youngest army in the world. The age for military service begins at twelve, and officers are trained between the ages of 16 and 18." The Abyssinian veteran of the Great War shown above has four medals, including the British 1914-15 Star (second from left), the British War Medal (third from left), and the Victory Medal (right). On page 976 we illustrate Abyssinia's Air Force.—[Photographs: Alfred Eisenstadt].

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BOTH for the believer and the unbeliever, Christianity remains the outstanding fact in the history of man. The sceptic who accepts the spirit while questioning the letter of its doctrine finds in it an impregnable moral stronghold. Even the hostile infidel realises the enormous power of its influence. For the faithful, it stands like a rock amid the angry waves of atheism and neo-paganism—

They come—they mount—they charge in vain;
Thus far, incalculable main!
No more! thine hosts have not o'erthrown
The lichen on the barrier-stone.

My readers may be relieved to know that I am not about to preach a sermon. I am merely prompted by certain new books to remind them that Christianity still holds the fort for the future, and any new evidence upon its origins is of paramount significance. A recent discovery of deep interest in this connection is recorded in "FRAGMENTS OF AN UNKNOWN GOSPEL," And Other Early Christian Papyri. Edited by H. Idris Bell, Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum; and T. C. Skeat, Assistant Keeper in the Department of MSS. With five Plates (London: Published by the Museum Trustees; 4s.). The chief item among the new manuscripts, a fragment of a life of Christ, dating from the middle of the second century, was partially reproduced in facsimile in *The Illustrated London News* a few weeks ago, on the first announcement of the discovery, and is similarly illustrated, along with the others, in this book. The joint editors, who modestly disclaim "any special competence" in this field of study, have thought it advisable to publish without delay, rather than attempt a definitive edition. "The aim of the present volume," they point out, "is to make the texts accessible to scholars and to indicate the nature of the problems which arise, with such suggestions towards a solution as occurred to us."

While the book is necessarily of a character suited to the Biblical student rather than the general reader, who might feel lost among the usual technicalities of criticism—abbreviations, references, textual emendations, and so on—yet it is by no means beyond the capacity of anyone with a modicum of Greek and Scriptural knowledge. To such it must make a compelling appeal. Concerning the fragments of the unknown Gospel we read: "Not since the discovery of the Sayings of Jesus at Oxyrhynchus has a Christian papyrus come to light which raises so many and such interesting problems. . . . The present papyrus . . . is unquestionably the earliest specifically Christian manuscript yet discovered in Egypt." Here, of course, there is no room to enter into detail regarding the text of the new fragment. Among the most interesting points is a variation in the story of the healing of the leper, with a fresh detail as to the circumstances in which he contracted the disease.

Discussing the general character of the manuscript and its relation to those already known, the editors say that it is indubitably a fragment from "a real Gospel." And again: "To sum up: it is very doubtful whether [MS.] I. can be identified with any known uncanonical Gospel. . . . The evidence indicates rather strongly that it represents a source or sources independent of those used by the Synoptic Gospels." In particular, it may be, or derive from, a source of St. John's Gospel. The ordinary reader, comparing the facsimiles of the MS. with the editorial commentary, will assuredly marvel that so many problems and deductions can arise from these frail and mutilated little scraps of papyrus. They serve to show, however, that there is still a precious store of "corn in Egypt" for the Biblical scholar.

The early Christian period is approached from a very different angle in a book which does not represent any new discovery of documents, but interprets afresh, from a modern, secular point of view, a great figure of the New Testament. For us in London, St. Paul is somewhat overshadowed by the majestic Cathedral that bears his name, and amid the multiplicity of its historic associations the Apostle himself is sometimes apt to be forgotten. We are reminded of him in "BEYOND DAMASCUS." A Biography of Paul the Tarsian. By F. A. Spencer (Muller; 12s. 6d.).

Though I cannot claim a cover-to-cover perusal in the time available, I have read enough to perceive that this is a work of strong dramatic and picturesque quality, based on wide erudition and marked by original and provocative opinions. The author has not been tempted from the

path of vivacity by any dry-as-dust contempt for the sensational. It may be that he has realised the spectacular possibilities in the travels and adventures and the virile personality of this "least of the Apostles," and has made the most of them in the only medium at present permissible. The time has hardly arrived, perhaps, for a realistic presentment of St. Paul's career on the stage or on the films.

Perhaps it would be fairer to let Mr. Spencer himself indicate the aim and scope of this very lively contribution to early Christian annals. I will therefore telescope a few sentences drawn respectively from his preface and his foreword—two terms which appear to me to be synonymous, but between which he evidently draws a certain distinction. "It was not my intention," he writes, "to produce

ment of Roman history is at points enough to bring howls of anguish from those who take the political and economical slant alone." In the spelling of the word "coloring," by the way, and of others, such as "scepter" and "theater," I seem to detect a certain American element in the book. There is no hint of it, however, in the prefatory matter.

Among "the howls of anguish" which the author anticipates from his treatment of Roman history, some, I think, may possibly be provoked by his "interlude in red" on the depravities of Tiberius. There is some authority, of course, for the belief that meeting that Emperor "on the isle of Capri" was a risky proceeding, but I believe that many modern historians acquit him of the gross charges against his character. Thus, Professor J. S. Reid has stated that Suetonius, who records the stories of immorality, "has evidently used a poisoned source," and declares that "the blackness of Tiberius grows continually lighter under the investigations of criticism." Our author, however, seems to have accepted without question the most lurid version of these accusations. At any rate, I see no allusion to any counsel for the defence.

Mr. Spencer does not refer, so far as I can see, to Matthew Arnold's essay, "St. Paul and Protestantism," unless he includes it among what he calls "that Dead Sea of supposedly edifying tomes on Paul through which I have waded." I have been amusing myself, however, by comparing the respective perorations of these two writers. "Augustine," says Matthew Arnold, "set the example of finding in Paul's eastern speech the formal propositions of western dialectics. Last came . . . the heavy-handed Protestant Philistine . . . a so-called Pauline doctrine was in all men's mouths, but the ideas of the true Paul lay lost and buried." Arnold goes on to describe the splendours of St. Paul's Church, near Rome, containing the Apostle's grave, and concludes: "Not in our day will he re-live, with his incessant effort to find a moral side for miracle, with his incessant effort to make the intellect follow and secure all the workings of the religious perception. . . . The doctrine of Paul will arise out of the tomb where for centuries it has lain buried; it will edify the Church of the future."

Mr. Spencer's final tribute has points of affinity with that of the Victorian critic. A simple and moving description of the Apostle's martyrdom is followed by a reference to the same church mentioned by Arnold, the reputed place of burial. "He lies," we read, "outside the walls of Rome and outside the true love of the Church. Misunderstood in later ages as during his own life, respected but never truly loved, Paul has been the unwilling father of many a theological monstrosity. . . . Thinking moderns have discarded the panoply of first-century magic and theology in which Paul clothed the human teacher of Galilee. Often, without trying to understand the language of the first century, Paul's natural medium of expression, they have denounced the Tarsian as a perverter of Christ. Yet still they dream that the world may be saved from ultimate destruction by a universal brotherhood . . . a dream which would have died in Judaea had not a Jew of Tarsus seen a vision on the road to Damascus."

I had hoped in this article to deal with several other books of kindred interest. One is "MORE MOVES ON AN EASTERN CHEQUERBOARD." By Sir Harry Luke, Lieutenant-Governor of Malta. Illustrated (Lovat Dickson and Thompson; 12s. 6d.). Here, in a chapter on Palestine, is a section concerning the Tomb of Moses, and elsewhere a description of Crusaders' castles. Another book, this time one of personal reminiscences—"AUTUMN FOLIAGE." By Lieut.-Col. Cyril P. Foley. With eighteen illustrations and four diagrams (Methuen; 12s. 6d.)—contains an account of an expedition in 1909 in quest of the Ark of the Covenant, popularly supposed to be hidden under the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem.

Finally I must mention a record of romantic adventure which tells us much, both by pen and camera, about that much-discussed land of Abyssinia, namely, "IN QUEST OF SHEBA'S MINES." By Frank E. Hayter. With thirty-five illustrations in half-tone (Stanley Paul; 12s. 6d.). In this connection one is naturally reminded of "King Solomon's Mines," but, in contrast to Rider Haggard's famous tale, the present work is put forward not as fiction, but as fact. Nevertheless, it has an air of romantic mystery. It was news to me that the Queen of Sheba was a mine-owner, as well as her illustrious host. C. E. B.



HERR HITLER'S EAGERLY AWAITED SPEECH: THE SCENE IN THE REICHSTAG DURING THE SINGING OF THE HORST-WESSEL SONG AFTER THE LEADER'S DEFINITION OF GERMANY'S FOREIGN POLICY.

Herr Hitler (who is seen in the photograph towards the left, with his deputy, Herr Hess, at his right hand) defined Germany's foreign policy in a 2½-hour speech delivered in the Reichstag on the night of May 21 and broadcast to the German people. He declared that Germany could not return to the League of Nations until there was real equality of status for all members; that the German Government was ready to accept the same limitation of armaments as are accepted by other Powers, and were prepared to supplement the Treaty of Locarno with an air agreement, and that they proposed the gradual abolition and outlawry of weapons and methods of war (such as air bombing) contrary to the spirit of the Geneva Red Cross Convention. The speech was well received in this country, and, on the whole, not unfavourably on the Continent.

a treatise on Pauline theology, give an account of the monstrosities which in later history passed as Pauline doctrine, or make a survey of Higher Criticism bearing on the Book of Acts. . . . Neither Paul nor his converts existed in a Judæo-Christian vacuum. They lived and moved and had their being in the lewd, religious, hopeful, despairing atmosphere of the pagan world. Paul was not only a Jew, but also a Roman citizen. I have therefore painted my picture of the man and his work against a full background. . . . On the whole, I have religiously abstained from coloring up my sources. . . . My treat-



WELL-WORN PENGUIN TRACKS ON A SNOW SLOPE ON DESOLATION ISLAND: ADÉLIES CLIMBING

This striking photograph was taken by the latest expedition of "Discovery II," the royal research ship, which has just completed a new and most successful voyage in the Antarctic. The photograph is described as follows by a member of the expedition: "One of the chief difficulties that penguins have to contend with in the Antarctic is the lack of favourable sites free of ice and snow for breeding. Every suitable place is always found fully occupied, even when it

may be at a height several hundred feet above sea-level. Penguins may often be seen toiling laboriously up the steepest snow slopes to reach their nests, and, in so doing, frequently make well-worn tracks. The penguins in the picture are Adélie penguins on Desolation Island in the South Shetlands—about five hundred miles south of Cape Horn." This account may be supplemented by one given by Mr. Herbert G. Ponting in his book, "The Great

AN ANTARCTIC STEEP, UP WHICH THEY TOIL LABORIOUSLY TO REACH THEIR NESTS AT THE TOP.

White South": "At Cape Adare, Adélies were known laboriously to climb the hills to a height of a thousand feet or more—which took them hours—and to make their nests there in preference to the shore below, where there was ample room for them. Also, when we passed Cape Crozier, we saw numbers of Adélies nesting hundreds of feet up the mountain slopes—for apparently no other object than to command a better view, which was only

gained at the expense of infinite labour." A third description appears in Dr. Murray Levick's "Antarctic Penguins," where it is said that the birds apparently enjoy climbing, for they will spend hours in ascending floating bergs to a height of one hundred feet or more, and then, slithering down, will start again to climb. Considering their extremely short legs, these are wonderful performances, whether undertaken for serious or playful purposes.

THE ROYAL COMMISSIONER IN SCOTLAND: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT AT EDINBURGH.



THE DUKE OF KENT (IN NAVAL UNIFORM) INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT HOLYROODHOUSE: A PRELIMINARY TO THE STATE PROCESSION TO ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL AND THE ASSEMBLY HALL.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT ACCLAIMED IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL: THE ROYAL LANDAU ON ITS WAY UP THE MOUND TO ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL AT EDINBURGH—WITH PART OF THE CASTLE ROCK IN THE BACKGROUND.



AT THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND DEACONESS HOSPITAL: THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH THE MATRON, AND THE DUKE BEYOND (RIGHT BACKGROUND).



LEAVING ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL FOR THE ASSEMBLY HALL: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT PRECEDED BY THE LORD LYON KING-AT-ARMS.



AT THE EDINBURGH ROYAL INFIRMARY: THE DUCHESS OF KENT RECEIVING A BOUQUET BEFORE PRESENTING PRIZES OF BOOKS TO THE NURSES.



THE DUKE OF KENT (HOLDING A TROWEL) LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF AN EXTENSION TO THE EDINBURGH ROYAL INFIRMARY: (TO RIGHT) THE DUCHESS OF KENT CHATTING TO THE PRIME MINISTER AND HIS DAUGHTER ISHBEL.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent—the Duke as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland—arrived in Edinburgh on May 20 to inaugurate a week of religious, civic, and social pageantry. The next day they drove in State procession from the Palace of Holyroodhouse to St. Giles's Cathedral, and, after service there, to the Assembly Hall, where the General Assembly was opened. The new Moderator is Dr. Marshall B. Lang, brother of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duke said in his address: "The King is happy to think that this year of his Silver Jubilee should be marked by an event



THE PRIME MINISTER IN UNIFORM AT THE OPENING OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, WITH HIS DAUGHTER, MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD, AT ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL FOR THE SERVICE.

unique in the ecclesiastical history of his realms. The days of romance are not past, when two brothers, sons of a Scottish manse, at the same time occupy respectively the chair of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and that of St. Augustine at Canterbury." On May 22 the Duke of Kent laid the foundation-stone of a large extension to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, where the Duchess presented prizes to the staff. On the 23rd the Duke and Duchess visited the Scottish National War Memorial, and attended the unveiling of a plaque to the late Lord Sands at the Church of Scotland Deaconess Hospital.

Summer at a Famous London Mansion: Holland House in June.

SUMMER in London is at its best in the beautiful gardens of Holland House, as shown in the photographs given here and on the succeeding page, taken by the Finlay colour process by Dr. Arnold Moritz. In an accompanying note, Mrs. Arnold Moritz, F.R.G.S., says: "Holland House is the London residence of the Earls of Ilchester, the present owner being Mary, Countess of Ilchester. The main building dates from the reign of James I. It was built (in 1607) for Sir Walter Cope by John Thorpe, and still retains many of the original features. The house is full of historic interest. In the early nineteenth century the third Lord Holland, assisted by his beautiful



THE CENTRE OF THE CELEBRATED "HOLLAND HOUSE CIRCLE," TO WHICH ALL THE SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL WORLD OF LONDON GRAVITATED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: HOLLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON—THE SOUTH FRONT.



ROSES OF FLAMING JUNE NOT FAR FROM "STREAMING LONDON'S CENTRAL ROAR": A PAGEANT OF SUMMER IN THE GARDENS OF HOLLAND HOUSE—THE ROSE AVENUE, WITH PART OF THE NORTH FRONT.

and gifted wife, dispensed lavish hospitality to the intellectual world. Lady Holland's salon, known as the 'Holland House Circle,' attracted distinguished men of art and science throughout Europe." Memories of these brilliant gatherings have been recorded by Byron, Moore, Scott, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and many other writers. Holland House possesses also earlier associations. Among its occupants have been William Penn, King William III. and Queen Mary (in 1689), and Joseph Addison, who married the widow of the third Earl of Warwick and Holland, and died there in 1719. Later, the house was bought by Henry Fox (made Baron Holland in 1763), who was the father of Charles James Fox, the famous statesman.

A Country Seat in the Heart of London: Holland House.

IT was announced recently that Mary, Countess of Ilchester, the present owner of Holland House, arranged to open its famous gardens on May 18, in aid of the West London Hospital and the Crippled Boys' Home. Only once before had the public ever been admitted to the grounds. Besides the Dutch garden, which is shown here, another beauty spot is a Japanese garden, with a lake and stepping-stones, laid out by the late Lord Ilchester. In the descriptive note already quoted on the preceding page, we read: "The house and gardens form part of the ancient manor of Chenesiton (or Kensington) mentioned in Domesday Book, and lie only a stone's-throw



THE WEST FRONT OF HOLLAND HOUSE, WITH THE DUTCH GARDEN: PART OF ITS BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS, THAT WERE RECENTLY OPENED TO THE PUBLIC, FOR ONLY THE SECOND TIME IN ITS HISTORY, FOR CHARITABLE PURPOSES.



SUMMER GREENERY IN THE GROUNDS OF HOLLAND HOUSE, SURROUNDED BY WOODLANDS, THOUGH CLOSE TO ONE OF LONDON'S BUSIEST THOROUGHFARES: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DUTCH GARDEN, WITH PART OF THE WEST FRONT.

from the turmoil of High Street, Kensington. The entrance gates and lodges face the Earl's Court Road, and lead through a leafy lane, for about a quarter of a mile, to the front of the old mansion. The gardens form a beautiful setting to the stately house. The woodlands surround it on all sides, and it is hard to believe, in these completely rural surroundings, with the songs of many birds rare in the Metropolis, and the profusion of flowering trees and shrubs, that one of London's busiest thoroughfares is so near at hand." The above photographs, like those on the previous page, were taken by Dr. Arnold Moritz by the Finlay colour process.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND: OCCASIONS AT EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.



1



3

1. AT EDINBURGH: THE GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT IN THE GROUNDS OF HOLYROODHOUSE—A GENERAL VIEW.
 2. AT CANNIESBURN: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS LEAVING AFTER THE DUKE HAD LAID A HOSPITAL FOUNDATION-STONE.
 3. IN GLASGOW: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT ALIGHTING FROM THEIR CAR ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE GLASGOW AND WEST OF SCOTLAND COLLEGE OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

On May 27 the Duke and Duchess of Kent gave a garden party to some 5000 guests at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. The weather, though fine, was cold and sunless, and many of the women present wore furs over their summer dresses. This accounts for the somewhat sombre aspect of the scene as shown in our photograph, taken from the adjacent slopes of Arthur's Seat, where thousands of spectators had gathered. The next day the Duke and Duchess visited Glasgow, where the Duke had received the Freedom of the City in 1928. At the Central Station they were received by the Lord Provost, Sir Alexander Swan, and Lady

Swan, who presented the Duchess with a bouquet. They first drove in an open carriage to the Victoria Infirmary, where the Duke opened new buildings. On their arrival one of their horses became restive and they drove thence to the City Chambers (for luncheon) in the Chief Constable's open speed-car. Later they went to Canniesburn, where the Duke laid the foundation-stone of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary Auxiliary Hospital and a Convalescent Home. Afterwards they visited the Glasgow and West of Scotland College of Domestic Science. They returned to Edinburgh by road.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



FESTIVITIES AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE "NORMANDIE": M. LEBRUN AND OTHER OFFICIALS WALKING THROUGH CHEERING CROWDS TO THE SHIP.

From May 23 to May 26 a series of celebrations was held in Le Havre to mark the putting into service of the 79,000-ton liner "Normandie," which, having recently completed her trials, was scheduled to begin her maiden voyage to New York on May 29. A strike of some of the crew had threatened to force a postponement of her departure, but the differences had been settled by May 22, and it was announced that the ship would sail at the appointed time. M. Lebrun,



A BALLET ON BOARD THE "NORMANDIE" AT THE OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE LINER BY M. LEBRUN: A BALL-ROOM IN THE LAVISHLY DECORATED INTERIOR.

President of the Republic, paid an official visit to Le Havre on May 23. He was accompanied by M. Piétri, Minister of Marine, M. Bertrand, Minister of Mercantile Marine, M. Louis Rollin, Minister of Colonies, and M. Roy, Minister of Public Works. After various ceremonies ashore, M. Lebrun embarked on the "Normandie" and was shown over the ship, where he spent the night. In the evening, a gala dinner on board was followed by an entertainment and a ball.



A WELCOME VISIT ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY: THEIR MAJESTIES' SURPRISE DRIVE THROUGH PARTS OF NORTH-WEST LONDON ON THE DAY FOLLOWING THEIR OFFICIAL DRIVE THROUGH EAST LONDON—DELIGHTED CROWDS SURROUNDING THE ROYAL CAR.

The King and Queen, accompanied by the Princess Royal and Princess Margaret Rose, provided a delightful surprise for residents in parts of North-West London on May 26 by making an informal tour of an area not included in the official programmes. The visit, made on the Queen's birthday,

was most cordially appreciated and most enthusiastically greeted. On the previous day their Majesties had carried out their third ceremonial drive in London—this time to the East. The Mayors of East London awaited the King and Queen in front of Whitechapel Town Hall.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FLYING VISIT TO THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR, CASTLE BROMWICH: H.R.H. WATCHING A GIANT EXCAVATOR AT WORK.

On May 23 the Prince of Wales flew in his new aeroplane to the British Industries Fair at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, and after inspecting the exhibits left again by air. He was received at the aerodrome by the Lord Mayor (Alderman Grey). At the Fair, the Prince spent most of his time in the engineering and hardware sections, and received favourable replies to his questions relative to the export trade.



A GREAT SUSSEX MANSION ON FIRE: HANDCROSS PARK, THE TWO TOP FLOORS OF WHICH WERE BURNED TO A SHELL.

A fire raged for four hours on May 23 at Handcross Park, Sussex, the home of Mrs. T. P. Warren. The two top floors were destroyed, and the ground floor, though not touched by the flames, was flooded by water from the upper rooms. Many valuable pictures, ornaments, and furniture were saved by members of the staff. Brigades from Haywards Heath and Crawley, after working throughout the afternoon and into the evening, eventually checked the blaze.

**UNCOMMON FLYING PHOTOGRAPHS
TAKEN DURING R.A.F. EXERCISES.**

**UNUSUAL VIEWS OF A BOMBER
AND A FLIGHT OVER THE "QUEEN MARY."**



1



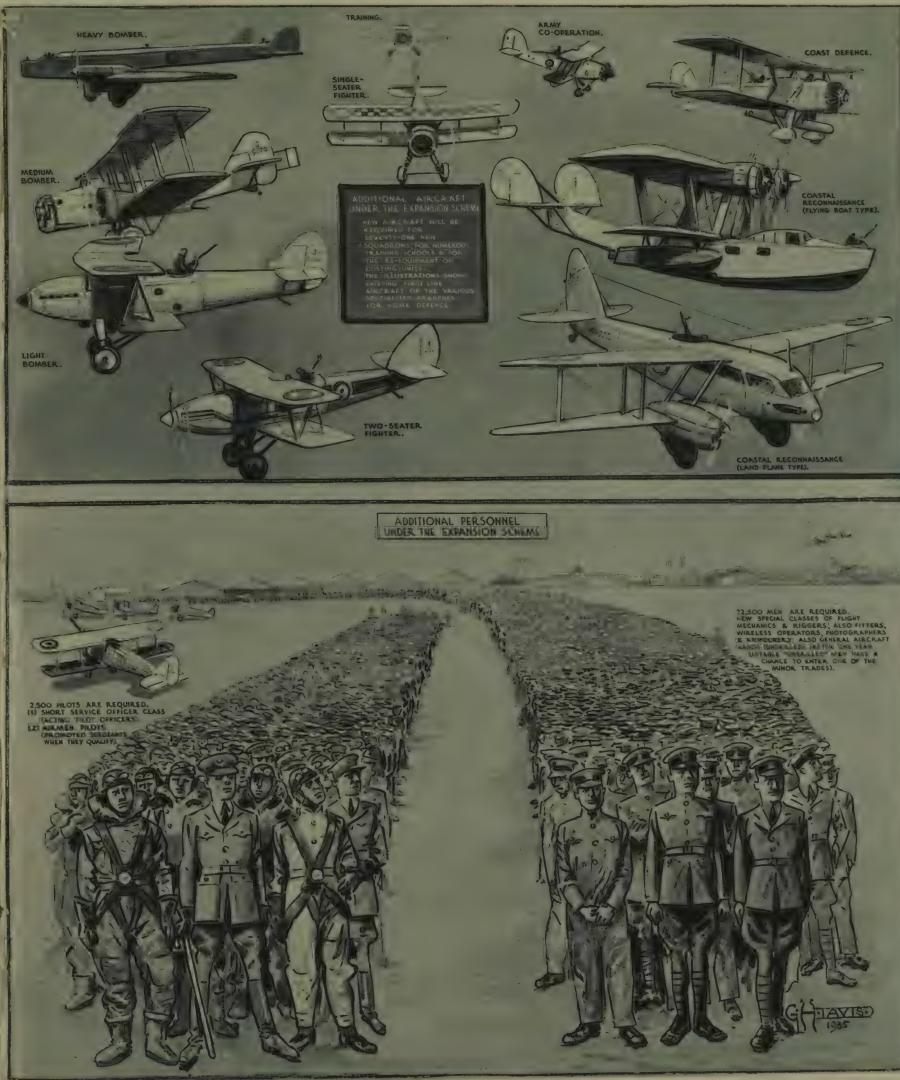
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1. A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A HEYFORD NIGHT BOMBER IN FLIGHT: A CLOSE-UP FRONT VIEW TAKEN FROM ANOTHER MACHINE.
2. THE "QUEEN MARY" SEEN FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW: THE GIANT LINER WITH HAWKER HARTS FLYING OVER IT IN FORMATION.

The fact that public attention is now centred in the Royal Air Force is sufficient reason for reproducing these two unusually interesting photographs of R.A.F. machines in flight. The upper one is a close-up view of a Heyford Night Bomber, of No. 10 Squadron at Boscombe Down, Wiltshire, obtained from the "dustbin" of another bomber in front of it. The "dustbin," it should be explained, is an

armoured cylinder which can be lowered so as to project below the fuselage. It contains a gunner who guards the blind spot below the aeroplane. The lower photograph shows a group of Hawker Harts, of the Glasgow Bomber Squadron, flying in arrow-head formation over the new giant liner "Queen Mary," now in process of completion in the fitting out basin at Clydebank.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION



air defence of Great Britain has its headquarters at Uxbridge, and from that centre are administered at present thirty-four stations. Under the new scheme, provision has been made for thirty-one new stations, and this fact means the selection and preparation of the necessary new aerodromes, with the erection of the requisite buildings and hangars. Generally, a station consists of two squadrons of aircraft, with approximately twenty-four officers and 1,000 men, and the efficient functioning of the service depends on the maintenance of a certain number of the men, but the great majority of the latter are engaged in many skilled jobs in connection with the manifold duties that go to make an efficient station. In order to give some idea of the

various branches, we illustrate here a typical home defence station and show the different activities of its personnel. Large additions to the existing number of home defence aircraft will be required. No fewer than seventy-one new squadrons are to be formed, and new aircraft will also have to be provided for the numerous additional flying schools. In addition to the re-equipment of existing units, these machines have to be designed and constructed for the new duties, and for the purpose of the latest first-line aircraft that are at present employed, many of which will be superseded by new and improved types at an early date.

MAKING THE BRITISH PUBLIC AIR-MINDED: THE R.A.F. "AT HOME" ON EMPIRE AIR DAY.



AT THE R.A.F. STATION AT MARTLESHAM HEATH, SUFFOLK: CROWDS WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE THROUGH THE PROPELLER, WHICH WAS DRIVEN AT FULL SPEED WITH THE AEROPLANE ANCHORED TO THE GROUND.



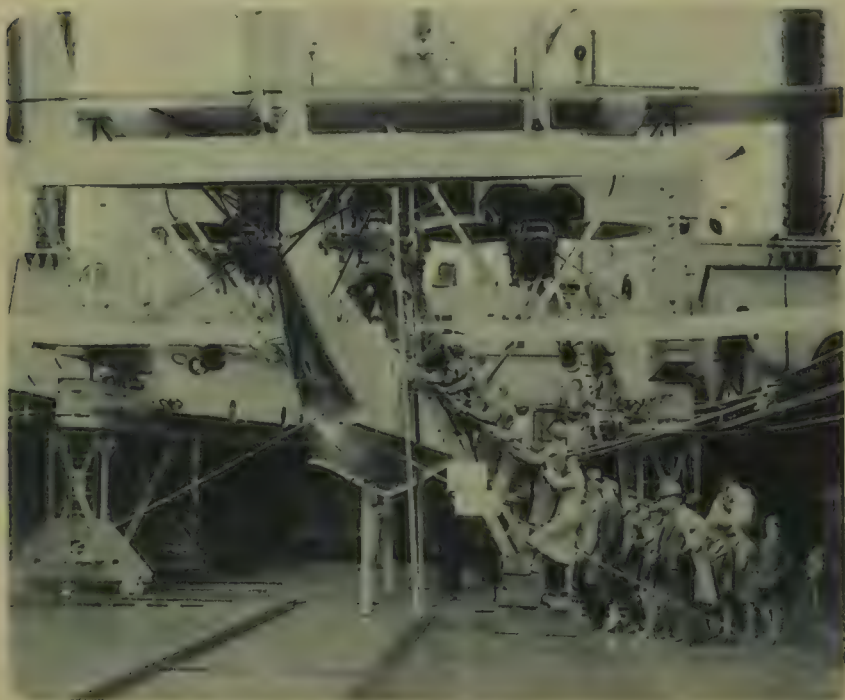
AT THE MOUNT BATTEN AIR STATION, PLYMOUTH: VISITORS, UNDETERRED BY RAIN, WAITING IN QUEUES TO INSPECT ONE OF THE GREAT "PERTH" FLYING-BOATS, AND WATCHING A FLIGHT.



AT MARTLESHAM HEATH ON EMPIRE AIR DAY: AN AVRO TUTOR (ON THE LEFT) AND A MOTH (RIGHT) GIVING A DEMONSTRATION OF "CRAZY FLYING" CLOSE ABOVE THE CROWD.



AT HENDON AERODROME, WHERE THE PUBLIC SAW AN R.A.F. DISPLAY IN MINIATURE, WITH SOME EVENTS LIKE THOSE FOR THE ACTUAL DISPLAY ON JUNE 29: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE.



AT PEMBROKE DOCK DURING AN EMPIRE AIR DAY DISPLAY: A PARTY OF BOYS GOING UP TO BE SHOWN OVER A BIG FLYING-BOAT ON THE FLOATING DOCK.

On Empire Air Day (Saturday, May 25) the Royal Air Force was "at home" to the public at more than forty of its air stations in various parts of the country, and, doubtless owing to the interest aroused in its work and coming expansion, through recent political developments, the public took full advantage of the opportunity. Besides inspecting machines and watching flights, in some cases rehearsals of items being prepared for the R.A.F. Display at Hendon on June 29, visitors



AT HENDON AERODROME ON EMPIRE AIR DAY: A FLIGHT OF HAWKER HARTS GIVING A DEMONSTRATION TO AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD OF SPECTATORS.

were enabled to see the conditions under which the airmen live and work, as the living quarters, workshops, and institutes were also open to inspection. At Hendon, for example, the public were admitted during certain hours to any part of the aerodrome, and were also able to watch a non-stop display in miniature. On the same day arrangements for the instruction and entertainment of visitors were likewise made at most of the civil aerodromes and flying clubs.

THE MASAI CELEBRATE THE ROYAL JUBILEE: WARRIOR RITES IN TANGANYIKA TERRITORY.



ELDERS AND COUNSELLORS OF THE MASAI, STANDING IN A SELF-CONTAINED GROUP, RAISE THEIR LONG STICKS AND UTTER LOUD WHOOPS: LOYAL DEVOTION AS EXPRESSED BY THE WAZEE ON JUBILEE DAY.



BELOW is given a condensation of an article by Mr. Frank Anderson describing the extremely interesting photographs published on this page: "The Jubilee was celebrated in Mandated Tanganyika with loyalty and devotion to their Majesties by all Britishers and the many native tribes. Typical of the celebrations held at lonely outposts throughout the country were those at Masai Headquarters, situated on the slopes of Mondul. Masailand, some 23,000 square miles in extent, with as yet few roads and no telephones, is a large area in which to get news distributed, but weeks before May 6 Captain W. J. Lloyd, D.S.O., M.C., District Officer, had despatched messengers in-

[Continued opposite.]

SIANGIKI (YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN) DANCING AND SINGING: A PRAYER FOR RAIN TO THE GREAT BRITISH MEDICINE-MAN (THE KING).



ONE OF SEVERAL MASAI WHO, EXCITED TO FRENZY BY THE DANCING AND SINGING, RAN AMUCK: THE OFFENDER SEIZED AND RELIEVED OF HIS SPEAR BY TWO LESS EMOTIONAL COMPANIONS.

viting the tribesmen to come to Headquarters to pay homage to his Majesty and celebrate the Jubilee. Towards 10 a.m. the first contingents of warriors began to arrive, making an impressive sight with their shields, gleaming spears and quaint head-dresses. Shortly after, the Nditos (immature girls who look after the warriors' domestic needs) arrived, and behind them the married women. Later, singing lustily, came the Wazee (elders). When all had arrived fresh milk was served, a little ceremony which enabled the different units to exchange their news. . . . The warriors broke away into small groups, proudly strutting round the grounds or doing fantastic dances. Little assemblies of Siangiki (young married women) formed circles and danced to the tunes of their own

[Continued below.]



A GUARDSMAN OF KISONGO (A MASAI SUB-DISTRICT) ON SENTRY DUTY; WITH A HEAD-DRESS MADE FROM THE MANE OF A LION KILLED IN SINGLE COMBAT.



THE HEAD MEDICINE-MAN GIVING THANKS AND HOPING THAT HENCEFORTH THE GREAT BWANA KING WOULD HAVE A JUBILEE EVERY YEAR.

droning songs, one of which was a low chanting prayer to their Laibon (chief medicine-man) and to the great Medicine-Man of the British (his Majesty) to send them much-needed rain—a prayer which was bountifully fulfilled that evening. . . . The ceremony over, the crowd dispersed to their camping-ground to enjoy a great feast of meat and beer provided by the administrative officers and settlers."



A KITUMBENE GUARDSMAN WEARING A COLLAR OF FEATHERS AND A HEAD-DRESS OF OSTRICH PLUMES AND COLUBUS MONKEY FUR.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF A GREAT ACTRESS:
MISS MARIE TEMPEST IN "LITTLE CATHERINE."

The King and Queen attended the Marie Tempest Jubilee Matinée on May 28, organised by the "Daily Telegraph" at Drury Lane. The Matinée, the proceeds of which are for founding the Marie Tempest Ward for actors and actresses in St. George's Hospital, commemorated Miss Tempest's fifty years on the stage. She is seen in a rôle in which she appeared at the Matinée.



MR. LAWSON LITTLE (LEFT) AGAIN
WINS THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION-
SHIP: THE WINNER AND RUNNER-UP.

In a thirty-six hole final very finely played by both men, Mr. Lawson Little (Presidio, U.S.A.), the holder, beat Dr. William Tweddell (Stourbridge) by one hole at St. Anne's on May 25. He thus won the British Amateur Golf Championship for the second year in succession.



DELIUS REBURIED IN A SURREY CHURCHYARD: SIR THOMAS
BEECHAM'S EULOGY AT THE GRAVESIDE.

Nearly a year after his death in France, the body of Frederick Delius, the Yorkshire-born composer, was brought back from Grez-sur-Loing and reburied, on May 26, in the quiet churchyard of Limpsfield, in Surrey. Severe illness, which ended in death, prevented Mrs. Delius from being present. Music by Delius was played at the composer's graveside.



A DIAMOND JUBILEE: THE MAHARAJAH
GAEKWAR OF BARODA.

In celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of his rule of his State, the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda gave a luncheon party in London on May 27. He succeeded, by adoption, the deposed Maharajah Malaharao Gaekwar on May 27, 1875. In 1876, at the age of fourteen, he attended the Delhi Durbar at which Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India.



THE KING RIDES IN ROTTEN ROW FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS YEAR:
HIS MAJESTY TAKING OUTDOOR EXERCISE.

The fact that his Majesty is in excellent health, in spite of the strain of the Silver Jubilee celebrations, was proved on May 27, when, for the first time this year, he went for a ride in Rotten Row. His Majesty left Buckingham Palace by car at 8 o'clock and drove to Ranger's Lodge, Hyde Park, where he mounted. On May 28 the King again rode in the Row.



A FAMOUS AMERICAN SOCIAL WORKER:
THE LATE MISS JANE ADDAMS.

Miss Jane Addams, the most famous social worker in America, and the sharer of a Nobel Peace Prize in 1931, died in Chicago on May 21 at the age of seventy-four. She will be chiefly remembered as the founder, in 1889, of Hull House, the settlement in Chicago. She also did great work in the cause of peace, both during and after the war.



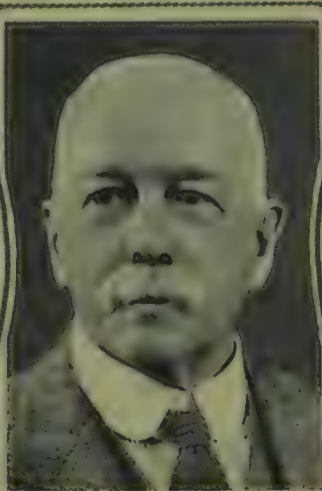
LORD WEIR.

Made official adviser to the Government on problems relating to the expansion of the aircraft industry demanded by the new R.A.F. programme. A former Air Minister (1918) and an expert on aircraft construction. Controller of Aeronautical Supplies during the war.



SIR J. D. W. THOMSON.

Elected on May 21 as Unionist Member for South Aberdeen to fill the vacancy caused by the death of his father, Sir Frederick C. Thomson. Had a majority of 10,165 over the Labour candidate, Mr. J. F. Duncan.



LORD HUNSDON.

Died May 22; aged eighty-one. A partner in Antony Gibbs and Sons, and for many years prominent in City financial, commercial, and political circles. Chairman of the Rio de Janeiro City Improvements Company.



LORD CLARENDON.

It was officially announced on May 23 that the King had approved of an extension of Lord Clarendon's term of office as Governor-General of the Union of South Africa. He succeeded the Earl of Athlone in 1931.




DR. WILLIAM GYE.

Appointed Director of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund in succession to Dr. J. A. Murray, retiring. Well known as the apostle of the virus theory of cancer, and an outstanding personality in modern cancer research. The first to discover fully the cause of lockjaw.

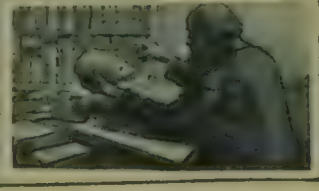


Say Mc Vities!





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



TWO RARE AND STRANGE SHARKS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IN days gone by, men sailed the seas for hard-won profit. Later, when doctors discovered the virtues of fresh air, invalids fared forth with them for the profit of their health. To-day thousands venture forth, no longer "under sail," but in luxurious steam-driven liners, bent on pleasure only. But, exceptions apart, this "venture" seems to be made

by such species as can prey upon others, or live on their dead bodies, or extract nourishment sufficient for their needs by swallowing mud, for the sake of any organic matter that it may contain.

This much, as I say, we have gathered from samples taken, as one takes "prizes" from a bran-pie. But they are very precious, and something new is always

he at once reported his most remarkable "find" to the authorities of the British Museum of Natural History. It was taken, he was told, off the west coast of Ireland.

From the Pacific to the west coast of Ireland is a far cry. The sea around Japan may be regarded as the headquarters of this strange fish. But it has been taken in the Bay of Bengal, the Mediterranean, and off the coasts of Spain and Portugal; hence one can understand how occasionally they may get as far north as the British Islands and Norway. They may even complete the circle, returning to Japan via the Arctic Ocean. What starts these sporadic journeys is beyond our comprehension.

The general appearance of this rare shark can be seen in the adjoining illustration. Attaining to a length of between 4 and 5 ft., its rather eel-like body explains the suggestion, made by the on-lookers gathered in front of the fishmonger's shop, that it was a "sea-serpent." To the non-expert,



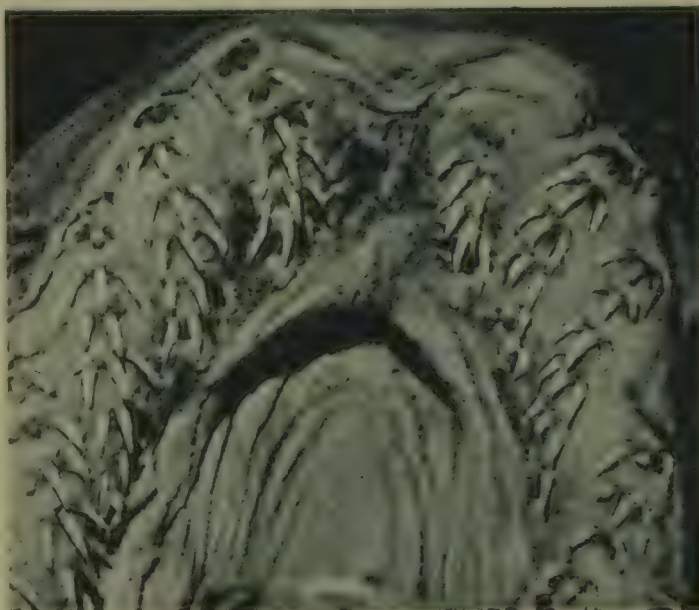
A RARE AND PRIMITIVE TYPE OF SHARK, A SPECIMEN OF WHICH WAS ON VIEW RECENTLY ON A FISHMONGER'S SLAB!—THE FRILLED SHARK (*CHLAMYDOSELACHUS ANGUINEUS*), WHICH DIFFERS FROM TYPICAL SHARKS IN THAT THE MOUTH OPENS AT THE END OF THE SNOUT AND THAT THE TAIL IS NOT UPTURNED.

Sir Arthur Woodward saw this extraordinary shark on a fishmonger's slab. He was told that it had been taken on the hake-fishing grounds off the west coast of Ireland. This is the frilled shark's first recorded appearance in British waters. The sea around Japan may be regarded as its natural "headquarters."

to escape the boredom of fashionable seaside resorts. They seek floating hotels to satisfy their craving for constant movement. For, once afloat, the sea appears to have little interest for them. They settle down to the same routine of "games" and "sports" which helped them to get through the day when ashore. In what is going on in the sea around them, or in the depths below, they have no interest whatever. Yet I believe that if the steamship companies could be persuaded to enlist the services of a qualified naturalist, with a special knowledge of marine life, to do a little tow-netting and lecturing, such trips would create a new and abiding interest. Such an experiment, however, would be foredoomed to failure unless this "naturalist" had the gift of making what he had to say, and show, really interesting. To take it for granted that all present would, of course, know what he meant by such terms as "plankton," and "nekton," and "benthos," the "mud-line," "the continental shelf," the "Elasmobranchs," and "Teleosteans," and so on, would leave him standing alone in about two minutes! Such terms, to the non-expert, are mere jargon, which must inevitably kill whatever passing thrill such a novel form of entertainment might conjure up.

Water pumped up from the sea through a muslin net attached to the bath-room tap would yield strange and beautiful forms of microscopic organisms, and these could be used to show the basis of the food-supply of the larger and larger forms, each preying on the other. Thus a start could be made, leading up to the larger types, such as the fishes, for example—the "food-fishes" of the shore-waters, the surface-swimmers of the open sea, and those of the middle depths and the abysses. Here would be wonder indeed! For the sea is the last place in the world to retain its mysteries. And the existence of these was unsuspected until men began to explore it by means of deep-sea dredges, which have brought to light samples of a world of wonders, as well as, to us, a world of terrors, wherein neither the light nor the warmth of the sun has any place. These facts, in themselves, are marvelous, for not even the wisest of us, on *a priori* grounds, would have postulated the existence of living bodies under such conditions. That they are indeed exacting is shown by the fact that plant-life is wanting, for this can exist only as far down as light can penetrate. The animal kingdom, however, is fairly well represented: but only

turning up. But just now I want to say something about two very remarkable fishes living in relatively deep water, ranging from 200 to 700 fathoms, that



THE REMARKABLE TEETH OF THE FRILLED SHARK, ADAPTED, IT IS THOUGHT, TO FEEDING ON CUTTLEFISH: THE FORE-PART OF THE MOUTH; SHOWING THE TEETH SET IN ROWS, INSTEAD OF BEING CROWDED TOGETHER, AS IN MOST ORDINARY SHARKS.

is to say, 1200-4200 ft. These are the "frilled" and "elfin" sharks, and among the living members of this tribe, the most primitive types yet discovered. My attention was turned to them once more by the

it may seem to present no particularly interesting features. As a matter of fact, however, it forms one of the early links of "sharks in the making." The "hall-marks" of the shark are, as everybody knows, the conspicuous slits on the side of the head, and the mouth placed far under the snout. These slits are gill-openings. In fishes of higher types, such as the salmon, the gills lie in a common chamber, covered in by a large shield, known as the operculum. But the gill-slits of the frilled shark differ conspicuously from those of other sharks, in that the folds which form them are borne out on a series of gristly rods. The teeth are also remarkable, not only for their shape, but in their arrangement, since they run in bands, separated by wide intervals, across the jaw. Then it will be noticed that the dorsal fin is not only small, but placed far down the back. Finally, the tail differs markedly from that of the typical shark in that it runs straight backwards, and has its "fin" confined to the under-surface. In the true sharks, the tail turns sharply upwards.

The elfin shark, or goblin shark (*Scapanorhynchus*) is a conspicuously larger and an even more singular species. It was first known only from fossil teeth from Upper Cretaceous strata; but at last, in 1898, living examples were discovered off the coast of Japan. Its most striking feature is the strange, blade-like projection overhanging the mouth. What purpose it serves no one has yet been able to suggest. That it has anything to do with its feeding habits is unlikely, though the nature of its food is unknown. And the same is true of the frilled shark, though there is good reason to believe that it is a cuttlefish eater.

It seems by no means unlikely that some day an elfin shark may be taken in British waters. For it is known, also, like the frilled shark, to occur in the Bay of Bengal. This was discovered in a very unexpected manner. For a year or two ago a "break"



ANOTHER DEEP-SEA SHARK, EVEN RARER THAN THE OTHER SPECIES ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE AND FORMERLY REGARDED AS EXTINCT: THE ELFIN, OR GOBLIN, SHARK (*SCAPANORHYNCHUS OWSTONI*); SHOWING THE STRANGE, BLADE-LIKE PROJECTION ABOVE ITS SNOUT.

For some time the elfin shark was regarded as an extinct species that had flourished in the Cretaceous Age. However, it was found to be still living when, in 1898, one was caught off the coast of Japan. Further evidence of its existence was furnished by a tooth found embedded in a submarine cable in the Indian Ocean, 750 fathoms down, after the cable had gone out of action!

surprising display of a specimen of the frilled shark on the slab of a fishmonger's shop. Fortunately it was seen by Sir Arthur Woodward, who has spent a lifetime in the study of fossil and recent fishes, and

occurred in one of the deep-sea telegraph cables, 750 fathoms deep, in the Indian Ocean; and, on its being hauled to the surface, the damage was found to have been done by the tooth of this curious shark.



"A CALM" ("LE COUP DE CANON").—BY W. VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER.
(1651-1707. 9½×11 in.)

WE reproduce here some notable works from among the pictures and drawings from the Heseltine Collection which came under the hammer at Sotheby's this week. John Postle Heseltine, who was a stockbroker, died in 1929; aged eighty-six. He was a Trustee of the National Gallery. Although the main Heseltine collection was sold in 1912 for about £200,000, a number of works of great importance were left for disposal during the present sale and at another this month. Some notes on certain of the pictures and drawings illustrated will not be out of place.—The Van de Velde, which has been exhibited a number of times, is signed on the canvas at right.



"PORTRAIT OF A CHILD: MISS QUIN, AFTERWARDS MRS. DAWE."—BY J. HOPPNER, R.A.
(1735-1810. 20½×16½ in.)

THE HESELTINE COLLECTIONS

GEMS AMONG THE WORKS BY OLD AND MODERN



"VIEW OF WESTMINSTER WITH THE UNFINISHED BRIDGE." A DRAWING IN PEN-AND-INK WASH BY ANTONIO CANALETTO. (CANALETTO).
(1697-1768. 15½×21½ in.)

back—Canaletto visited London in 1746, and remained for two years. He then painted his famous view of Whitehall, Vauxhall Gardens, and the banks of the Thames, as well as views of Northumberland House and Eton College. He came back in 1751. The view of Westminster seen here is taken looking up-river; with the York Water Gate and the wooden water-tower on the right. Westminster Bridge

(Continued below.)



SEASHORE WITH BATHERS.—BY J. B. C. COROT.
(1796-1875. 14½×17½ in.)

is still unfinished—only five arches showing.—The view in the picture by Corot was painted several times by him (e.g., "Maisons de Pêcheurs au Bord de la Mer, Trouville ou Honfleur").—Mabuse is a painter of considerable interest. He was in the service of Philip of Burgundy (bastard of Philip the Good), and accompanied his patron to Italy in 1508. From there Mabuse not only brought back a new style, but introduced to Flemish painters the custom of travelling to Italy.



"A GREY HORSE, SHEEP, A SHEPHERD AND A HORSEMAN."—BY ALBERT CUIP.
(1610-1691. 36½×39½ in.)

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS.

UNDER THE HAMMER IN LONDON:

MASTERS OFFERED AT AUCTION THIS WEEK.



"STUDY OF A LION" IN PEN AND BISTRE WASH.—BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.
(1606-1669. 4½×5½ in.)



"LE LECTEUR."—BY HUBERT GRAVELOT.
(1699-1773. 11½×9½ in.)



"HARBOUR SCENE; EFFECT OF SUNSET."—BY CLAUDE LORRAIN.
(1600-1682. 20½×26½ in.)



"VIEW OF AMSTERDAM" IN PEN AND BISTRE WASH.—BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.
(1639-1706. 10½×10 in.)



"SCENE AT A FAIR":
A WATER-COLOUR
BY F. WHEATLEY, R.A.
(OF "CRISIS OF LONDON"
FAME).
(1747-1801. 24½×21½ in.)



JOHN COUNT PALATINE OF THE RHINE.—BY MABUSE.
(C. 1470-1533. 13½×10½ in.)

SOtheby, 34-5, New Bond Street, W.1.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

1066 AND AFTERWARDS: A JUBILEE TRUST EXHIBITION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

ordeal its gilt gesso background was almost completely destroyed. Sir Sydney Cockerell, as long ago as 1906, by comparison with the illuminations in a psalter in Paris and a sketchbook belonging to the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, established that the painter of this Westminster Richard was the André Beauneveu of Valenciennes mentioned by Froissart as the author of several fine works "in the realm of England."

So much for this remarkable national treasure; what of the Lumley version, or, rather, variant, of the same subject? This has neither the gravity nor the fine modelling of its prototype, but is obviously based upon it. It appears to have been commissioned by a Lumley of the Tudor period who wished to leave on record the fact that an ancestor, Sir Ralph, had received his patent of nobility from the hands of the King in person—so Sir Ralph is shown kneeling and of smaller stature than the principal figure, while a scroll at the foot of the throne bears the inscription in typical sixteenth-century writing: "Kinge Richard the Seconde," so that succeeding generations should make no mistake. The kneeling figure in secular portraiture is, of course, the direct heir of those kneeling figures—generally donors—which appear in a thousand religious pictures of previous centuries. I venture to suggest a distinct resemblance in pose and feeling between this extremely interesting portrait and the last commission of a much greater hand. The large panel belonging to the Barbers' Company, showing King Henry VIII. granting their charter to the Barber-Surgeons, was still in the workshop of Holbein at his death in 1544; in it the King is seated on a dais, while the other figures are kneeling on each side. Is it possible that the painter of the Lumley picture discussed here had this great Holbein panel in his mind's eye? Was he actually employed in Holbein's workshop when the Barber-Surgeons' picture was being painted? I write without knowing whether there is any documentary evidence to settle the date of this picture; if there is not, further research on these lines might possibly pin down the date to about 1550. In any case, this Tudor version of a Plantagenet masterpiece seems to demand a specialised examination; the background, for example, represents a dark-green cloth and appears to be painted in a rather looser manner than the two figures; was this added much later? The picture has presumably been transferred from panel to canvas at some period.

Of the other portraits, Fig. 3—Queen

Elizabeth, ascribed to Nicholas Hilliard, better known from his miniatures—is surely a Tudor masterpiece of the first order, whoever was responsible for it. I am one of many who until now have found it difficult to



GIVEN the occasion and so worthy a cause (it is being held in aid of the funds of King George's Jubilee Trust), this Exhibition of Portraits of the Kings and Queens of England is certain of popular success. Messrs. Agnew have succeeded, by the exercise of considerable ingenuity, in presenting the complete roster of English Monarchs from the time of the Conquest. As is inevitable in an enterprise of this character, some few of the earlier portraits possess an antiquarian rather than an



1. A BEAUTIFUL VANDYCK IN THE "EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS OF ENGLISH KINGS AND QUEENS" NOW TO BE SEEN AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S GALLERIES IN OLD BOND STREET: HENRIETTA MARIA, CONSORT OF CHARLES I.—A PAINTING LENT TO THE EXHIBITION BY VISCOUNT COWDRAY. (41 IN. BY 30½ IN.)

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Owner.

æsthetic interest, and the Plantagenets are represented mainly by photographs of sculptured tombs, seals, etc. These are, in several cases, reproductions of works of art of outstanding merit too little known from their situation to the thousands who can admire a fine painting, but who cannot climb up to look down on a recumbent effigy in a sacred building (e.g., the sculpture of Philippa of Hainault from her tomb in Westminster Abbey), but for most people the real interest of the Exhibition will be found in the numerous paintings of later members of the royal house which are at once unfamiliar and by famous artists.

One picture at least is in the nature of a discovery, in so far as it has not been seen in public, I am informed, for about forty years. This is the large canvas (87 in. by 60 in.), reproduced on the opposite page, lent by Captain L. R. Lumley, M.P., and showing Richard II. giving a patent of nobility to Sir Ralph Lumley. This has obvious affinities with the noble portrait of the King which stands on the south side of the altar in Westminster Abbey (Fig. 2) and which the late Professor W. R. Lethaby considered "the finest fourteenth-century portrait in Europe." It is supposed to have been painted to commemorate Richard's visit to the Abbey in October 1390, and there it remained till 1643, when the House of Commons appointed a committee "to destroy superstitious and idolatrous monuments"; it seems to have been put in a safe place, and was back again at Westminster by 1683. Having thus escaped the fury of the iconoclasts, it had to undergo on three separate occasions the almost equal danger of restoration—in 1732, 1823, and 1866—and during the last



2. ANDRÉ BEAUNEVEU'S FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF RICHARD II. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—PROBABLY THE ORIGINAL FROM WHICH THE LUMLEY PORTRAIT OF THE KING (REPRODUCED OPPOSITE) WAS COPIED.

The Westminster Abbey Richard II. was considered by the late Professor W. R. Lethaby to be "the finest fourteenth-century portrait in Europe." It was painted by André Beauneveu, of Valenciennes, an artist mentioned by Froissart. It is fairly certain that the figure of the King in the Lumley painting (reproduced on the opposite page) was copied from this portrait in Westminster Abbey—or, conceivably, from a portrait of Richard II. presented by Lord Lumley to Queen Elizabeth, as recorded by Agnes Strickland in her "Lives of the Queens of England."

understand, or indeed to excuse, the hyperbole of Elizabethan poets and courtiers (in that age the two terms were almost synonymous) when they spoke of the Queen. If she was really like this, then they had some justification. Another portrait by Zuccherro on a neighbouring wall is pedestrian by comparison with this regal flight of fancy.

Vandyck, in softening and etherealising the vigorous brush of his master, Rubens, evolved a new type of beauty—seen at its best in the portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria (Fig. 1). The pose is simple enough, if the gesture is a trifle too self-conscious for the taste of to-day; but he never painted a dress nor a left hand with greater mastery—indeed, the whole passage from shoulder to finger-tips is exquisite. Since his time only Gainsborough, in this country, has achieved a similar lyric quality.

Since the above was written I find these two references, which have an obvious bearing upon the very pretty little problem of the Lumley picture. Keepe, writing in 1683, speaks of both the Westminster Richard II. and another at Hampton Court. In "Lives of the Queens of England" (1880), Agnes Strickland quotes Queen Elizabeth as saying that Lord Lumley discovered a portrait of Richard II. "fastened to the backside of the door of a base room which he presented to me."

Was it this portrait or the Westminster example which was used by the unknown painter of the picture on the opposite page? And what has happened to this gift to Queen Elizabeth?



3. A SINGULARLY ENTRANCING VISION OF GLORIANA: THE NICHOLAS HILLIARD PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, LENT TO THE "EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS OF ENGLISH KINGS AND QUEENS" BY MR. VICTOR ROTHSCHILD. (32 IN. BY 24 IN.)

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Owner.



A TUDOR VERSION OF A PLANTAGENET MASTERPIECE: KING RICHARD II. GRANTING A PATENT OF NOBILITY TO SIR RALPH LUMLEY—
AN UNKNOWN'S WORK IN THE EXHIBITION OF "PORTRAITS OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND."

This is a Tudor version of a Plantagenet masterpiece—the portrait of Richard II. by André Beauneveu in Westminster Abbey. (Canvas, transferred from panel, 87 in. by 60 in.) It appears that a sixteenth-century Lumley wished to commemorate the fact that an ancestor had received a patent of nobility from Richard II., and commissioned an unknown painter to record the scene, with the Westminster picture as model. Falling documentary record as to its exact date, it is suggested in the article on the opposite page that

the painter may have been familiar with the famous Holbein belonging to the Barbers Company, in which King Henry VIII. is giving their charter to the Barber-Surgeons: there is a certain similarity in pose and feeling which makes this supposition at least feasible. The decorative use of the letter "R" surmounted by a crown on the King's robe and the fairly close resemblance of the details of the chair and the folds of the dress make it pretty certain that this picture was copied from the masterpiece of 1390.

FROM THE ORIGINAL ON EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. THOMAS AGNEW'S, 43, OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, CAPTAIN L. R. LUMLEY, M.P. (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

FRED ASTAIRE IN "ROBERTA."

WHEN a dancing comedian of the calibre of Mr. Fred Astaire takes the screen, all the monumental splendours of the "spectacular dance-ensembles"—those elaborately mechanical affairs piling Pelion on Ossa and catching up a multitude of *coryphées* in their vast machinery—stand revealed for what they are: glittering edifices planned on a sensational scale, in which the spirit of the dance is superseded by the spirit of the drill. Not for a moment would I deny that the perfectly drilled phalanxes of lovely femininity carrying out the audacious schemes of a Mr. Busby Berkeley create a certain degree of excitement, nor am I insensible to the beauty of their intricate patterns. Mass evolutions, be they on the plains of Aldershot or on the screen, are inevitably thrilling in their precision and masterly organisation. Moreover, the imagination that does not hesitate to strap scores of girls to the wings of aeroplanes or set a hundred pianos swinging to the rhythm of dance is in itself a thing to admire. But here comes Mr. Astaire, slim and neat in his orthodox evening dress, sliding a restless foot on to the dance-floor. A casual step or two—a tentative smile: "Shall I—shall I not?" and he is off. At first, perhaps, an exhibition of perfect tap-dancing, then a wider sweep of gesture—and what a master of gesture is Mr. Astaire!—a bolder pattern, a gathering of speed until that agile black figure, alone in the polished space between the crowded tables of the cabaret, seems invisibly winged, so swift, so superbly smooth are his movements. He winds up in a *prestissimo* that sweeps the audience off its feet. We in the kinema, gazing on what is, after all, but a shadow without ears to hear, cannot refrain from a burst of applause after an experience so exciting. Grace, vitality, a sense of rhythm that exhilarates, and a capacity for lending dramatic interest to his dances raise Mr. Astaire to a unique position in his own sphere.

In Miss Ginger Rogers he has found an ideal partner, matching him in elegance. The two together are a heady mixture, brilliant exponents of an art that is a true expression of *la joie de vivre*. In "Roberta," presented at the Tivoli, the couple work together once again in perfect harmony. This musical comedy, adapted from the successful stage-play and admirably directed by Mr. William Seiter, is a light-hearted entertainment, with a good story to balance its dancing sequences and a plentiful sprinkling of catchy melodies adroitly introduced. Mr. Astaire, as the leader of an American dance-band stranded in Paris and befriended by a delightful old *couturière*, may be regarded as a particularly genial Master of Ceremonies, steering romance,

in the persons of Miss Irene Dunne and Mr. Randolph Scott, into calm waters, and saving the *débâcle* of the famous house of fashion, Roberta's, by transforming a fashion parade into a grand musical review. Though he dominates this gay picture, he is by no means left to shoulder the whole burden of it. Miss Dunne, for instance,



"ROBERTA," AT THE TIVOLI: FRED ASTAIRE AND GINGER ROGERS IN ONE OF THEIR BRILLIANT DANCING TURNS.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, whose dancing was so brilliantly successful in "The Gay Divorce," are now to be seen in "Roberta," in which Ginger Rogers is a mannequin in a Parisian dress-shop, and Fred Astaire the leader of a dance band.

is charming in her several songs, as well as in her portrayal of Roberta's loyal assistant; and the old *couturière* herself is played with incisive humour by Miss Helen Westley. Staged with the acme of polish, as pleasant to the eye as to the ear, "Roberta" is a well-written, well-acted, and cleverly constructed musical comedy.

"BROWN ON RESOLUTION."

The new Gaumont-British picture, "Brown on Resolution" (New Gallery), plants another milestone in the path of British productions. As a rousing drama of naval adventure, lifted from the

pages of Mr. C. S. Forester's novel, it well deserves the praises meted out to it, and will, I have no doubt, hereafter be received with acclamation wherever it is shown. But there are other aspects of this picture of equal importance. This is the first time in the history of our industry that the Admiralty have granted permission for the Navy to be used in a fictional film. Previous facilities in the past were only granted to documentary films. Four warships were placed at the disposal of the director, Mr. Walter Forde—and sequences were filmed in H.M.S. *Vincent*, the Boys' Training Establishment at Gosport, and at Whale Island. Here, indeed, is a matter for congratulation all round. We have waited patiently for a full realisation of the wealth of subject-matter lying dormant in England to be exploited by our film-makers, and for the privileges which American studios have long enjoyed, and which make it possible to combine dramatic entertainment with an accurate presentation of national activities.

"Brown on Resolution" comes as an answer to such well-justified demands. It is a tribute, wholly

devoid of injudicious Jingoism, to the British Navy, and at the same time it tells a stirring story to which the authenticity of every detail lends additional power. The picture falls into two parts—a prologue of domestic friction, with a brief idyll that establishes the paternity of young Albert Brown, and the heroism of the latter when, as Able Seaman Brown, survivor of the gallant little *Rutland*, he escapes from the victorious *Zeithen*, swims to Resolution Island, and delays the departure of the German vessel by sniping the rivetters at work on her gashed flank. Except for the fact that the boy's deadly aim is almost too good to be true, young Brown's lone venture is poignantly dramatic and fraught with suspense as the wounded boy sticks to his post until the avenging *Leopard* gets within firing distance. Even more impressive are the scenes of warships in action and the sinking of *Rutland*—scenes of desperate urgency, strenuous, smoke-blurred, and of duties carried out under gunfire with a grim determination that cannot be watched unmoved.

NOEL COWARD'S SCREEN DÉBUT.

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The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

FRED ASTAIRE IN "ROBERTA."

WHEN a dancing comedian of the calibre of Mr. Fred Astaire takes the screen, all the monumental splendours of the "spectacular dance-ensembles"—those elaborately mechanical affairs piling Pelion on Ossa and catching up a multitude of *propylæa* in their vast machinery—stand revealed for what they are: glittering edifices planned on a sensational scale, in which the spirit of the dance is superseded by the spirit of the drill. Not for a moment would I deny that the perfectly drilled phalanxes of lovely femininity carrying out the audacious schemes of a Mr. Husky Berkeley create a certain degree of excitement, nor am I insensible to the beauty of their intricate patterns. Mass evolutions, be they on the plains of Aldenhot or on the screen, are inevitably thrilling in their precision and masterly organisation. Moreover, the imagination that does not hesitate to strap scores of girls to the wings of aeroplanes or set a hundred pianos swinging to the rhythm of dance is in itself a thing to admire. But here comes Mr. Astaire, slim and neat in his orthodox evening dress, sliding a restless foot on to the dance floor. A casual step or two—a tentative smile: "Shall I—shall I not?" and he is off. At first, perhaps, an exhibition of perfect tap-dancing, then a wider sweep of gesture—and what a master of gesture is Mr. Astaire!—a bolder pattern, a gathering of speed until that agile black figure, alone in the polished space between the crowded tables of the cabaret, seems invisibly winged, so swift, so superbly smooth are his movements. He winds up in a *prestissimo* that sweeps the audience off its feet. We in the cinema, gazing on what is, after all, but a shadow without ears to hear, cannot refrain from a burst of applause after an experience so exciting. Grace, vitality, a sense of rhythm that exhilarates, and a capacity for lending dramatic interest to his dances raise Mr. Astaire to a unique position in his own sphere. In Miss Ginger Rogers he has found an ideal partner, matching him in elegance. The two together are a heady mixture, brilliant exponents of an art that is a true expression of *la joie de vivre*. In "Roberta," presented at the Tivoli, the couple work together once again in perfect harmony. This musical comedy, adapted from the successful stage-play and admirably directed by Mr. William Selzer, is a light-hearted entertainment, with a good story to balance its dancing sequences and a plentiful sprinkling of catchy melodies adroitly introduced. Mr. Astaire, as the leader of an American dance-band stranded in Paris and befriended by a delightful old *courtisane*, may be regarded as a particularly genial Master of Ceremonies, steering romance,

in the persons of Miss Irene Dunne and Mr. Randolph Scott, into calm waters, and saving the *délicat* of the famous house of fashion, Roberta's, by transforming a fashion parade into a grand musical review. Though he dominates this gay picture, he is by no means left to shoulder the whole burden of it. Miss Dunne, for instance,



"ROBERTA," AT THE TIVOLI: FRED ASTAIRE AND GINGER ROGERS IN ONE OF THEIR BRILLIANT DANCING TURNS.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, whose dancing was so brilliantly successful in "The Gay Divorcé," are now to be seen in "Roberta," in which Ginger Rogers is a mannequin in a Parisian dress-shop, and Fred Astaire the leader of a dance band.

is charming in her several songs, as well as in her portrayal of Roberta's loyal assistant; and the old *courtisane* herself is played with incisive humour by Miss Helen Westley. Staged with the acme of polish, as pleasant to the eye as to the ear, "Roberta" is a well-written, well-acted, and cleverly constructed musical comedy.

"BROWN ON RESOLUTION."

The new Gaumont-British picture, "Brown on Resolution" (New Screenplay), plants another milestone in the path of British productions. As a rousing drama of naval adventure, lifted from the pages of Mr. C. S. Forester's novel, it well deserves the prizes meted out to it, and will, I have no doubt, be received with acclamation wherever it is shown. But there are other aspects of this picture of equal importance. This is the first time in the history of our industry that the Admiralty have granted permission for the Navy to be used in a fictional film. Previous facilities in the past were only granted to documentary films. Four warships were placed at the disposal of the director, Mr. Walter Forde—and sequences were filmed in H.M.S. *Victory*, the Boys' Training Establishment at Gosport, and at Whale Island. Here, indeed, is a matter for congratulation all round. We have waited patiently for a full realisation of the wealth of subject-matter lying dormant in England to be exploited by our film-makers, and for the privileges which American studios have long enjoyed, and which make it possible to combine dramatic entertainment with an accurate presentation of national activities.

"Brown on Resolution" comes as an answer to such well-justified demands. It is a tribute, wholly

devoid of injudicious jingoism, to the British Navy, and at the same time it tells a stirring story to which the authenticity of every detail lends additional power. The picture falls into two parts—a prologue of domestic friction, with a brief idyll that establishes the paternity of young Albert Brown, and the heroism of the latter when, as Able Seaman Brown, survivor of the gallant little *Rutland*, he escapes from the victorious *Zetken*, swims to Resolution Island, and delays the departure of the German vessel by sniping the riveters at work on her gashed flank. Except for the fact that the boy's deadly aim is almost too good to be true, young Brown's lone venture is poignantly dramatic and fraught with suspense as the wounded boy sticks to his post until the avenging *Leopard* gets within firing distance. Even more impressive are the scenes of warships in action and the sinking of *Rutland*—scenes of desperate urgency, strenuous, smoke-blurred, and of duties carried out under gunfire with a grim determination that cannot be watched unmoved.

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Anthony 1st Earl of Shaftesbury :
by John Hoskins



Mrs. Pemberton : by Hans Holbein the Younger



Sir Robert Walpole, K.C. :
by Lawrence Crosse

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Of Interest to Women.

Garden needs from Harrods, Knightsbridge, are always satisfactory. They have everything to keep it in order and to make it a real home out of doors. There is furniture, including revolving summer houses, couch, and other hammocks. Decorative affairs in the form of rustic lich gates and arches, rose pillars, pigeon-cotes, and nesting-boxes. In addition, there is a comprehensive collection of camp and hiking kit.

Surely no bird will have the temerity to approach any fruit that is guarded by the Glitterer. It is made of black sheet steel with glass eyes which ferociously glitter in the light. Neither must the garden-mowers be overlooked, as they are thoroughly reliable and moderate in prices. The catalogue gives full details regarding them, as well as the new lawn and path sweepers, which may likewise be used on the floors of large buildings.

Decorative and at the same time useful is the scraper above on which alights a dog. There are naturally other scrapers—viz., the brush scraper-mat, which is made to stand any hard wear, and the combination boot-scraper and brush.



Skilled gardeners will applaud this miniature hot-frame for five shillings and sixpence. It is of hard wood with glass panels; the top panel can be opened and closed at will. It is 13 inches high, and 16 inches wide and deep.



Stainless steel has been used by Harrods for the trowel fork and pruning scissors above. Not illustrated but of exalted merit are the hand-cultivators for garden, field, or nursery. They consist of hoe, rake, and fork in one with handle. They are arranged with five and three prongs.



It is the Rain King Lawn Sprinkler that is seen below. It will water a small lawn or circular piece of ground up to seventy-five feet in circumference. The "Sunvalite" Forcing Cloche below is merely a shilling from Harrods. It is made of a new unbreakable glass substitute which passes ultra-violet rays.

It is of galvanised steel that the wheelbarrow is made. The handles are of spring steel fitted with cycle grips, while the ball-bearing wire-spoked wheels have rubber-studded cushion tyres, and, of course, it may be seen at Harrods.

The garden horse above is a comfortable seat for use when planting, weeding, etc. It is of sheet steel finished with green enamel. The gardening apron is of multi-coloured canvas with water-proof front padded for kneeling. There are capacious pockets and gadgets for holding scissors, gloves, etc.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IN a speed-limit case recently heard at Uxbridge, the Automobile Association scored a notable victory in defending one of their members. The A.A. solicitor who attended the Court pointed out that it was not generally realised that the Traffic Act, 1934, expressly imposed upon local authorities the obligation to erect the 30-miles-an-hour speed-limit signs for the adequate guidance of motorists. He contended in his defence of the motorist that on entering the restricted length of road there was no appropriate 30-mile limit sign displayed, so that there could be no conviction for the offence of exceeding the speed limit. The Uxbridge magistrates upheld the contention and dismissed the summons. This is most important, as some Benches have allowed the prosecuting counsel to maintain that if there are street lamps visible it must be a restricted

area, and so the defence above has failed. Now there is no doubt that the signs must be visible to a motorist emerging from a de-restricted highway on to a restricted speed-limit one. Why on earth local authorities have not resuscitated the old 10-mile-an-hour speed-limit sign—a red band painted on all the lamp-posts within the restricted area—and so make it easy for motorists to know they must keep down to 30 m.p.h. or under, is hard to understand. Then, if in streets with lights without the red band on the posts, drivers know they are not restricted. If there are red bands on the posts they know they are in a speed-limit area.

A number of our motor-racing "cracks" will be going to the annual 24 hours' endurance race at Le Mans for that Grand Prix prize, also the Rudge-Whitworth Cup, and to qualify for competing in the final for the 1935-36 Rudge-Whitworth Cup next year. I do not wonder that the average newspaper reporter attending this meeting sends back a hopelessly inaccurate report of the proceedings. It requires a real motor journalist, not a "temporary" one. Actually there are three races, run all at the same time, starting at 4 p.m. on Saturday, June 15, and finishing on Sunday at 4 p.m. The first race is the thirteenth Grand Prix d'Endurance, to be won by

the car which covers the greatest distance in the 24 hours, and even the car which wins that event may not even be "placed" in the first three for the eleventh Rudge-Whitworth Cup final, for which



DURING HER VISIT TO TONBRIDGE: H.M. QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA WITH A FORD "V-8."



WHEN HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WAS IN EDINBURGH WITH THE DUKE FOR THE SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS: THE DUCHESS OF YORK ALIGHTING AT THE USHER HALL.

When their Royal Highnesses were in Edinburgh they used an imposing fleet of Humber cars. That shown in the photograph is a Pullman landaulette.

the qualifying race was held at last year's Le Mans meeting. That is the second of these three races, all run concurrently. It is a handicap, as the cars are classified according to their engine rating and set to cover a minimum distance in the 24 hours. The car which makes the greatest improvement on its handicap wins this eleventh Whitworth Cup. At the same time, all the cars which finish, having exceeded or completed their set distances, are regarded as having qualified to take part next year for the final of the twelfth Rudge-Whitworth Cup.

This race—or, rather, three races combined in a single run—is annually organised by the Automobile Club de

[Continued overleaf.]

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(Continued.)
l'Ouest, who conduct it most excellently, especially as regards visitors and spectators generally. Also, having established this event as a permanent fixture on the annual motor-racing calendar, they have built permanent grand stands and refreshment booths, so that you do get things in comfort, and can see the race while keeping dry, however bad the weather conditions may be. Moreover, the course is always being improved. This year I am informed that the stone parapets on either side of the very tricky (to drive) little bridge just before the White House turn have been removed and iron railings erected in their place. Now drivers in the race will find that the road is wider here, and away has gone that feeling as if the road over the bridge seemed to close up so narrow when one approached it at speed, although it did seem to open up when the car actually came on the bridge itself.

I expect many millions of motorists listened to Mr. Humphrey E. Symons' broadcast from London of his journey to Timbuctoo and back again on the new Series 2 Morris 10-h.p. car. Symons and his companion, Mr. V. L. Seyd, actually left London at 7 a.m. on Saturday, April 27, and reached Timbuctoo at 2.45 a.m. on May 5, an almost incredible performance until accomplished. Apart from the sea crossings, Dover to Calais and Marseilles to Algiers, the actual distance travelled by the car from London to Timbuctoo was 2735 miles, accomplished in 97 hours 33 minutes running time, despite carrying a load of 33½ cwt. Moreover, this Series 2 Morris "Ten" never required a single replacement, although hundreds of miles were accomplished on low gear through deep sand, across rocky track, and deep gullies necessitating slowing to a crawl. Yet no water was added to the radiator on this trip, and the car averaged 40 miles an hour easily along the made roads when they happened to discover them.

Symons and Seyd have also done another excellent service to motorists besides proving the undoubted reliability of the Series 2 Morris "Ten," as they have properly charted the route for future travellers for the Automobile Association. Consequently the route department of that organisation will be able to give their members full and reliable information how to go to Timbuctoo in comfort, if one can ever cross the Sahara Desert in comfort at all. Even arriving at the edge of the desert was no easy task after reaching Adrar, a brick-red Sudanese city. But after 86

miles of the Sahara to Reggan, a couple of forts in the midst of an arid, limitless plain, which the car reached at 11 a.m. on May 3, the next stage involved crossing the Sahara at its worst portion—the dreaded "land of thirst," which, until a few years ago, took six months to cross with specially trained camels. Even now, no one may leave Reggan for the south without reporting to the adjutant of the fort and depositing a large sum of money against the expense of rescue in the event of a breakdown. But the Morris crossed this desert in a little over a day, instead of six months of the camel period. No car has had a more formidable testing and emerged triumphant, and London visitors can see the actual car itself at Morris House, Berkeley Street. Beyond extra petrol-tank and a drinking-water tank and over-size tyres, the Series 2 Morris 10-h.p. car was entirely as sold to the public. In fact, this particular car came off the production line just as all the other cars do, without any special care or treatment. Messrs. Stewart and Arden, Ltd., entertained Mr. Symons and Mr. Seyd to luncheon on their return on May 23, and Lord Nuffield complimented the drivers on their feat, as well as confirming that to-day British small cars could go anywhere that big U.S.A. motors could, and with even better reliability. This trip certainly proved this assertion.

The Mock Trials in aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London are already famous. The next—held, as usual, at the London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych—will take place on Tuesday, June 4. It is announced as follows: "(Ancient Greeks.) 'Not Knowing That They are Dead.' Prosecution: Sir William Beveridge, K.C.B. Defence: Dr. T. R. Glover; Dr. Cyril Norwood. (Both sides will call witnesses.)" Other cases will be heard on June 18 and June 25. It need hardly be added that the proceedings always bring much laughter in court! Full details and tickets can be obtained at the doors, and from the Secretary, King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, 10, Old Jewry, E.C.2, as well as from the booking offices of Messrs. Alfred Hays, Ltd.

"The Royal Academy Illustrated" is now on sale (price 2s. 6d.) for the benefit of those who like to retain a souvenir of the exhibition at Burlington House. It is also useful as an "advance guide" to

indicate the pictures best worth studying in the galleries, as its illustrations are chosen with excellent judgment, and give a good idea of the range of the exhibition. This year Sir W. Reid Dick's bust of his Majesty occupies the front page, and the book contains excellent half-tone reproductions of many of the more interesting portraits, landscapes, subject pictures, and sculpture in the exhibition. John, Lavery, Brockhurst, Russell Flint, Dod and Ernest Procter, Glyn Philpot, Dame Laura and Harold Knight are among the artists whose work has been chosen for illustration.

"HALF MILE DOWN."

(Continued from Page 970.)

the task." There are, we learn, "three outstanding moments in the mind of the bathysphere diver, the first flash of animal light, the level of eternal darkness" (this was found to be at about 2000 feet), "and the discovery and description of a new species of fish." The "flashes of animal light" were a perpetual and brilliant pyrotechnical display, and convinced Dr. Beebe "that a much more abundant and larger-sized fish fauna exists in these waters than is in any way adumbrated by six years of trawling with the best possible oceanographic collecting outfit." The "level of eternal darkness" had a solemnity of its own, before which Dr. Beebe's vocabulary quails. "A few days ago the water had appeared blacker at 2500 feet than could be imagined, yet now to this same imagination it seemed to show as blacker than black. It seemed as if all future nights in the upper world must be considered only relative degrees of twilight. I could never again use the word BLACK with any conviction." The third kind of submarine thrill—the discovery of new species—naturally presupposed an exhaustive knowledge and an immediate recognition of recorded species. In this respect Dr. Beebe probably had the advantage of any other living man: he was constantly telephoning the names of old friends who passed by his window; but the ocean had its surprises even for him. New to science was the ghostly creature christened *Bathymbryx istiophasma*, or Pallid Sailfin; new, and gorgeous, was the fish with five distinct lines of brilliant lights—it was proudly named *Bathysidus pentagrammus*, or Five-lined Constellationfish. Most startling of all was a dimly seen monochrome monster, at least 20 feet long, of which Dr. Beebe could catch only a tantalising glimpse. Though no other Leviathan was actually seen, Dr. Beebe's observations inclined him to a general conclusion that the size of sea-creatures increased in proportion to depth. We may be sure that even tougher and more daring bathyspheres will some day test the theory in the unimaginable abysses. In the meantime, honour and renown are due to the first pioneer.



He could not or would not, keep pace with altering conditions, and was overtaken by more intelligent and adaptable contemporaries. The Pterodactyl is extinct. It is the law of the Survival of the Fittest. Shell, unlike that stubborn fowl, has adopted every possible means of improving its quality, in a determination to keep "one jump ahead" of its rivals. That is why Shell has kept its name unchanged and its reputation unequalled, and has been the "natural selection" of motorists since the earliest days.

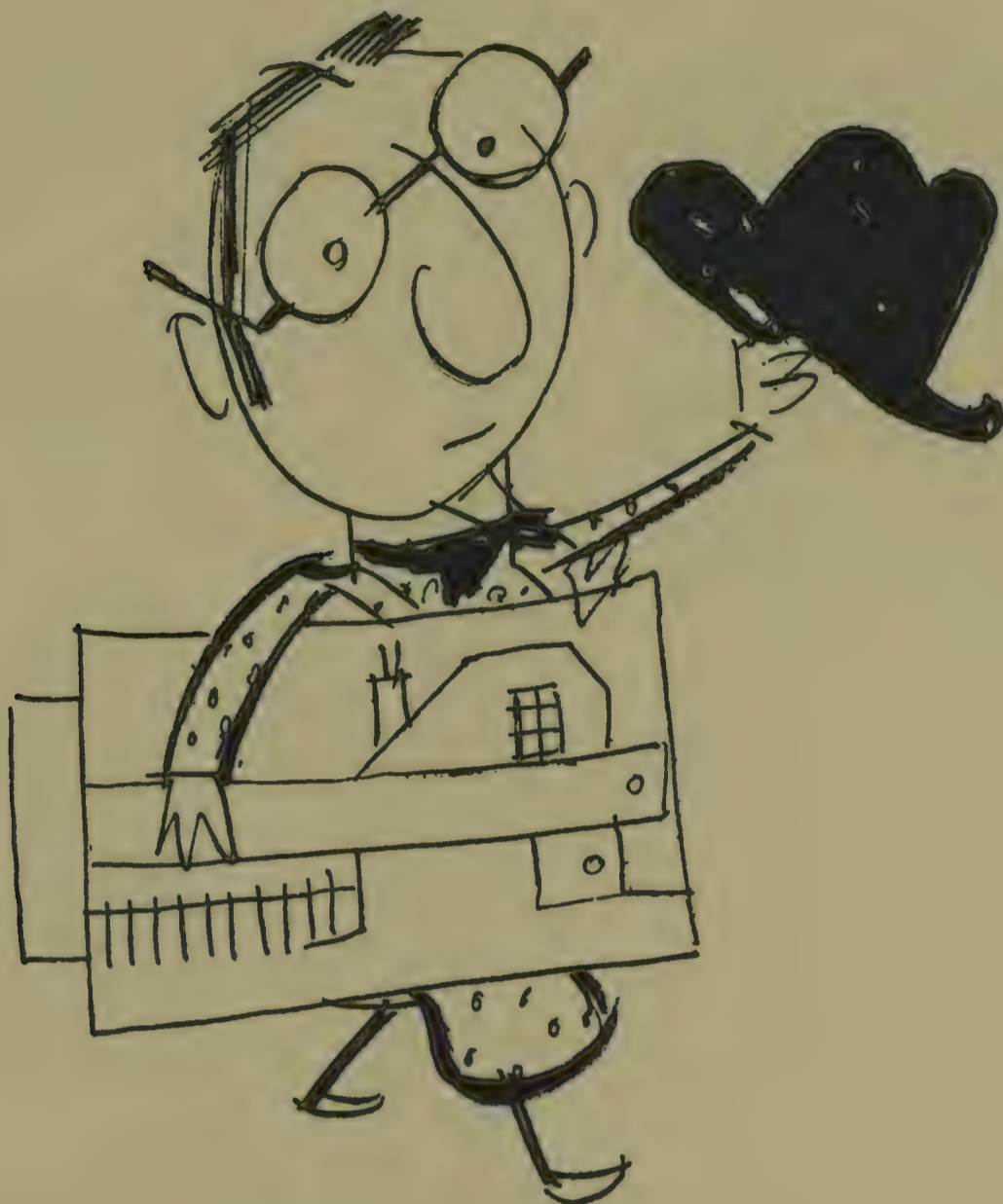
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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

WHEN Stella Benson expressed the wish that no half-finished book by her should be published after her death, she had in mind cases—some of them recent—



THE FORTHCOMING RENOIR EXHIBITION IN LONDON: "LA POINTE DE BEG-MEIL"; ONE OF THE PICTURES TO BE SHOWN.

A notable exhibition of paintings by Auguste Renoir (1841-1920) opens at Alex. Reid and Lefevre's Galleries, 1a, King Street, St. James's, next Tuesday, June 4. That it will attract much attention goes without saying.

when injury had been done to the writers' reputations by the posthumous publication of unrevised fragments. By a fortunate chance, or by prevision, she had revised and rewritten "Mundos" up to the point where she left it. It is unfinished—about one-fourth remains unwritten—but it is complete in its demonstration of her gifts, and of the loss English fiction has sustained in her untimely death.

Mundos Island was a Crown Colony. No need to speculate which or where; it has risen out of the sea at the lifting of an artist's finger. It was governed by an estimable gentleman who earnestly wanted the best for it. Sir Victor Cole was an idealist in his way, as a Civil-servant in high authority may well be. There never was a man with better intention; it was his misfortune that the islanders liked their own ways better than his. For one

thing, they detested hustle, as you do if you have been born in the Tropics, and Sir Victor was all for progress and speeding up. He sent home for motor-buses and put them on the roads. The response was rioting, and the burning of every bus and private car in the island. There is a dissertation on mob psychology inserted here that is one of the wisest and wittiest passages in a novel primed with wit and wisdom. The individuals who were involved in or affected by the outbreak belonged to several grades of the Mundosian community. They were members of the Government House circle. They were the native servants who ministered respectfully to their Excellencies on one side of the door, and performed curious and atavistic rites on the other. They were the University students with whose shallow brains the English professor had wrestled, to his own confusion and theirs. They were the recipients of Lilla Liu's irregular hospitality. Moving among these groups, and entangled in the backwash of the riot, was Francis Cole, the Governor's son; Francis the misshapen dwarf, who appears as the shocked spectator reacted to him, as his mother knew him, and as he knew himself, with an intelligence sharpened by his infirmity. The portrait of Francis is unforgettable. It has been truly said that Miss Benson at the end of her life was at the height of her powers.

"The Carreta," by B. Traven, is an incisive study of the Mexican labourer, and an ironical running commentary on the liberties of the Mexican Republic. Andrew Ugaldó was an Indian boy who, having received a little education, could see a few yards further than his fellows. With Don Leonardo, his first master, he had no wages;

the peon has none. With Don Laureano, to whom he passed when Don Leonardo wagered and lost him in a night of gambling, he had a pittance that bound him to the life of a *carreta*, the driver of an oxen wagon on the inland roads and over the hellish pass that exacted savage toll of men and beasts. Andrew, who had not acquired the vices of his rulers, was a cleaner-hearted, better man than they, and when he mated with the waif he had named Estrellita, life flowered for them in a starry beauty. "The Carreta" closes on the note of hope for a new day.

There is an inexhaustible interest in the life of a musical genius. Jake Moore, in

Naomi Royde-Smith's "Jake," was the vessel of the power greater than himself, the frail creation of the mystic potter's hand. To write him plain has demanded a high degree of subtlety and painstaking—subtlety in the poise and action of the narrative, and painstaking in its verisimilitude. Miss Royde-Smith has done it very well, but in carrying her supersensitive being through his boyhood she has sacrificed the mother and tutor who watched over him. They are less flesh and blood than benevolent fairies. The musical people at Mildensee are much more humanly imperfect, and Mildensee itself has a credible and sparkling atmosphere. Jake at twenty-one and the girl—another genius, a mathematical one—whom destiny had marked for him are left advancing, hand in hand, towards the heights of mortal fulfilment, to live happily for ever after.

"Last Days With Cleopatra" brings Jack Lindsay's impressive trilogy to an end. The days are the interval between the disaster of Actium and the deaths of Antonius and Cleopatra, and they are heavy with doom and decay. It is by far the most difficult period in which Mr. Lindsay has worked out the thesis of individual and race. He sets a pair of lovers in the foreground. In these young creatures life had begun anew, to flow onward over the tragic collapse of Antonius and the rage and frustration

[Continued overleaf.]



"LE RETOUR DES CHAMPS," BY AUGUSTE RENOIR: ONE OF THE PICTURES TO BE SHOWN IN AN EXHIBITION OF THE PAINTER'S WORK, AT ALEX. REID AND LEFEVRE'S GALLERIES.



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FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER

(Continued.)

of the Queen. Mr. Lindsay's vision of the Alexandrian scene is the fruit of a brilliant scholarship applied with imaginative genius. Its detail is amazing. In the foreword the reader is admitted to his reflections on his three books and their genesis. "I merely strove," he says, "to find out what I really thought about the period by realising it . . . as human action, as symbolic action, as a story." In that striving he has written a masterpiece.

Richard Ince is careful to advise us that "England's High Chancellor" is romance and not history. This is just as well, seeing that he is a whole-hearted Baconian. He prefaces his book with an assault upon the ignorant prejudice of the Shakespearians. He presents Francis Bacon as Queen Elizabeth's son (Prince of Wales, if events had gone as they should); he trounces the historians who have discredited the High Chancellor's personal character; and he pilloried Will Shakespeare for a boor and a dullard. The mystery of the sonnets is no mystery to him, and they run thread-like through the story. Here is matter for lively controversy, of course; but it must be said that, whether you are with him or against him, Mr. Ince's "England's High Chancellor" is a spirited and entertaining novel.

"Pylon" will not be everybody's choice. William Faulkner fascinates people or he antagonises them. His literary style is compounded of gritty particles, but the particles have colour and compose a modernist pattern. The principals in "Pylon" are underdogs of the American flying world, the parachutist who dropped from sensational heights, the pilot who raced in an out-of-date aeroplane, and the woman who was inseparable from them. They made a wretched living out of risking their necks. A reporter who had been sent to write up one of the airport meetings where they were performing was obsessed by the wonder and wretchedness of these vagabonds. You have to get past him and his jargon to see them clearly. Then, indeed, their stark history comes through, and Mr. Faulkner enters into his own.

Here are three simpler novels. "Silver Tares," by Dorothy Carus, begins in the autumn of 1918 in the Tyrol. The Brenner was choked with the flood of Czechs and Hungarians surging back from the battle-front. Florian, Baron von Ecke, a young lieutenant, found himself stranded without a regiment. Sick and dispirited, he drifted into the mountains. He woke from the shock of his illness to the terrors of a nameless man, a man who had lost his

memory. Presently he crept back to active life as a peasant among peasants. Their superstition made a saint of him, but that is only a part of his strange story. "Silver Tares" is a good book, and the author's sensitive feeling is beautifully conveyed. "I'll Change the Colour," by Meave Kenny, records intensely the emotional pilgrimage of Withy Conor from the nationalism of the Irish patriot

to reconciliation with England, the arch-enemy, by the path of medical service among the women of India and love for the Englishman whose child she was to bear. The spirit of an Irishwoman has inspired Miss Kenny, as it has Pamela Hinkson, whose "The Deeply Rooted" is the wistful tale of a loyalist woman. Less fortunate than Withy in her Englishman, Kathleen Lavenham, who had married well in the worldly sense, but without love, went back to visit among the neighbours of her youth, a society impoverished and despoiled but not too greatly embittered, and, meeting Michael Leslie again, knew she had left her heart in Ireland. Miss Hinkson's touch, firm and delicate, is as delightful in this book as in "The Ladies' Road," and she is an inspired story-teller.

"Coronation Baby" (which has nothing to do with coronations) can be recommended to child-lovers. Robert Gatherne Hardy says little that is new, but his discernment lights up the nursery and the school of a small boy whose experiences—so large and long to little Harry—are alternated with the author's reflections and reminiscences. It is tenderly written, and with much philosophical observation. "The Green Hussar," by Henry von Rhau, is a good book of its kind. It is possible it will be a refreshing novelty to a generation born too late to remember the golden days of Anthony Hope. The King of Zagau is one of the dashing kings in gay uniforms who have faded out of Central Europe, but who may very well be revived and returned to favour in the adventures of romantic fiction.

Freeman Wills Crofts and Henrietta Clandon represent the opposing schools of detective-story writers: Mr. Crofts the scientific designers of an elaborate mechanism, and Miss Clandon the band of artists who rely on the quickness of the hand to deceive the eye. "Crime at Guildford" is a typical Crofts novel, heavily and soundly constructed, and precise over the ingenious experiment in safe-breaking. Miss Clandon's "Rope by Arrangement" juggles with the psychological problems in the Bryham case, and beguiles you artfully into rash assumptions. There is a pleasing, freakish twist to it, and when Miss Clandon leaves it at the end she retires with the evident intention of enjoying a chuckle at the expense of her public. Both these books will suit people on holiday; "Crime at Guildford" as provision for a long wet day, and "Rope by Arrangement," being of the lighter sort, to read on a seat in the sunshine.



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BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Mundos. By Stella Benson. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
 The Carreta. By B. Traven. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
 Jake. By Naomi Royde-Smith. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
 Last Days With Cleopatra. By Jack Lindsay. (Nicholson and Watson; 8s. 6d.)
 England's High Chancellor. By Richard Ince. (Muller; 8s. 6d.)
 Pylon. By William Faulkner. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
 Silver Tares. By Dorothy Carus. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)
 I'll Change the Colour. By Meave Kenny. (Davies; 7s. 6d.)
 The Deeply Rooted. By Pamela Hinkson. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
 Coronation Baby. By Robert Gatherne Hardy. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 The Green Hussar. By Henry von Rhau. (Harper; 7s. 6d.)
 Crime at Guildford. By Freeman Wills Crofts. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 Rope by Arrangement. By Henrietta Clandon. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)

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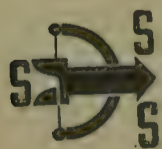
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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

INNSBRUCK AND THE TIROL.

FEW regions make such an appeal to holiday-makers from this country as the Tirol. The grandeur of its mountains and the softer beauty of its valleys, and its picturesque villages and sturdy peasantry, amongst whom quaint old customs and costumes linger still, provide just the right "atmosphere" for an enjoyable and romantic holiday; and to these one must add the advantages of an excellent summer climate, the friendly nature of the Tirolese and the welcome they extend, and the attraction of the Tirol as a stronghold of patriotism and liberty; for who has not read of the gallant struggle for independence waged by the peasants of Tirol, under the leadership of Andreas Hofer, against Bavarian rule, supported by Napoleon's might?

Easily accessible from London by the Calais-Paris-Basle-Arlberg route, by way of Ostend-Brussels-Strasbourg-Basle-Arlberg, or by way of Flushing-

Cologne-Munich-Innsbruck, with a good local railway service, on which special reductions for visitors are in force, many motor-bus services and cable railways, the Tirol is well equipped in the matter of transport; its hotels are well organised and their rates have been reduced to render them attractive for visitors on a sterling standard; there are widespread facilities for such sport as tennis and fishing, bathing, boating, and sailing, and for walking or motor tours no country in the world can furnish finer scenery or greater general interest.

As for the various holiday resorts in the Tirol, taking these from west to east, there is Landeck, in the valley of the Upper Inn, a fine old town and a splendid centre for excursions; Ötz and Sölden command glorious scenery in the Ötz Valley, the longest side-valley of the Inn and one famous for the beauty of its mountain setting; in the lovely Stubai Valley, south-west of Innsbruck, which leads to the glaciated peaks of the Stubai Alps, are Fulpmes and Neustift; in the Wipp Valley, leading to the famous Brenner Pass, known to have been inhabited in the Stone and Bronze Ages, and where there is a Roman road, are Matzei, Steinach, and Gries; north of Innsbruck is Seefeld, with its pretty little Wild Lake; among the rugged and lonely Karwendel Mountains, with ruins of a Roman fortress nearby, is Scharnitz; and on the Bavarian frontier, in the midst of the magnificent scenery of the Zugspitze, Wetterstein, and Mieming ranges, Lermoos affords an excellent opportunity for a climbing holiday.

Then there is the Spa of Hall, a picturesque place, with interesting old buildings, and lying in the Valley of the Inn, where also are Schwaz, Jenbach, Brixlegg, Kramsach, Rattenberg, and Wörgl; and north of Jenbach, with which it is connected by rail and motor-

coach, is the Achen Lake, on the shores of which are Pertisau, a very up-to-date and yet an unspoiled lake resort, with golf, bathing, boating, and fishing;



TYPICAL TIROL SCENERY: THE SCHWARZEE, NEAR KITZBÜHEL.
Photograph by Österreichische Werkehrswerbung, Vienna.



INNSBRUCK AND ITS BACKGROUND OF MOUNTAINS: A VIEW SHOWING THE TOWN HALL (THE DOMED BUILDING) AND (ON THE RIGHT) THE TOWER OF THE HOFKIRCHE.

Photograph by Österreichische Werkehrswerbung, Vienna.

Achenkirch, Seehof, and Maurach, all connected by lake steamer. Southwards from Jenbach, in the lovely Ziller Valley, are Zell-am-Zimmer and Mayrhofen, the latter ringed round with high mountains, and a very popular centre for Alpine scenery and for folk songs and dances. Kufstein for the Kaiser Mountains and the Hecht Lake; Kitzbühel and Lienz for the

[Continued overleaf.]



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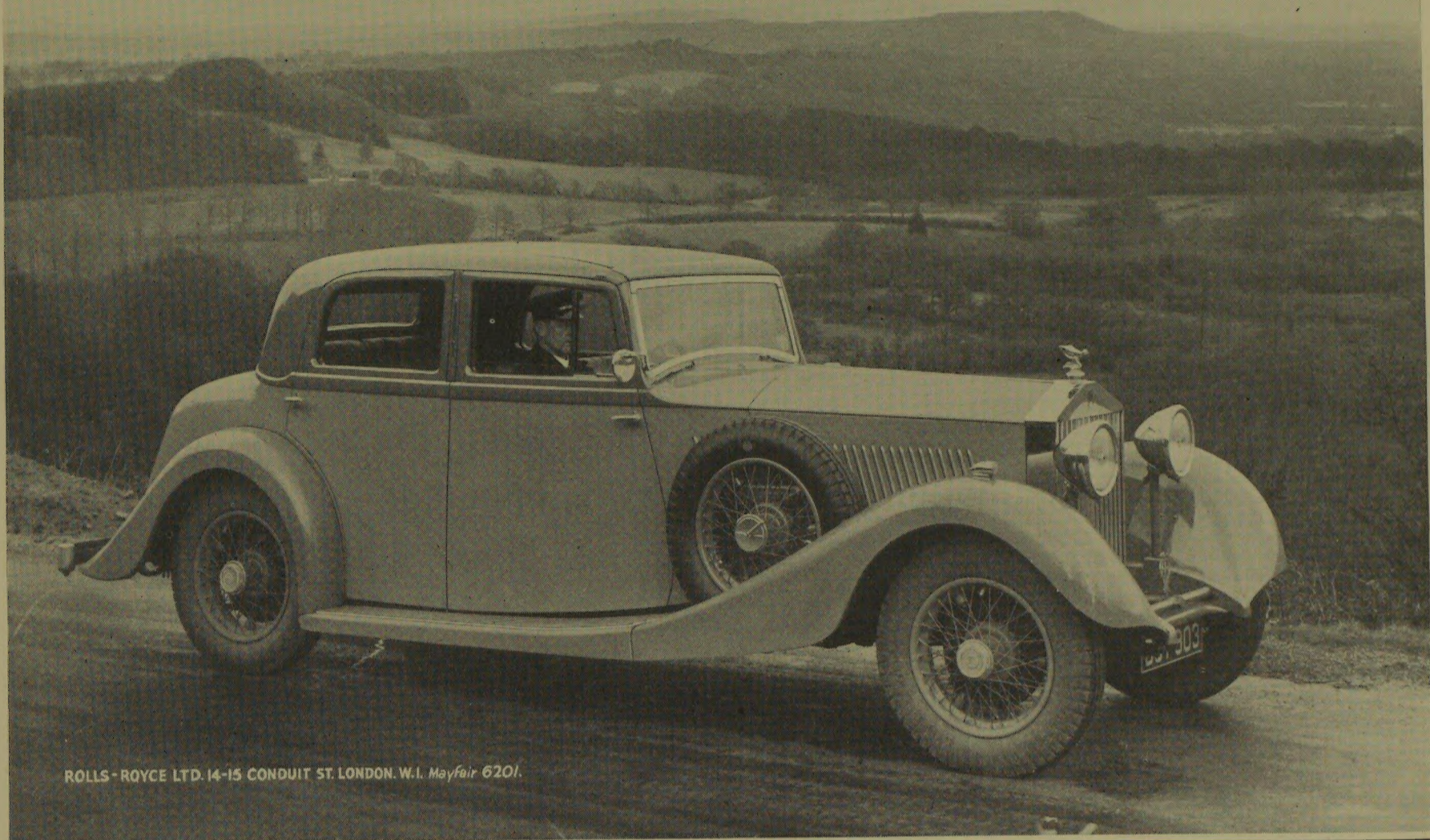
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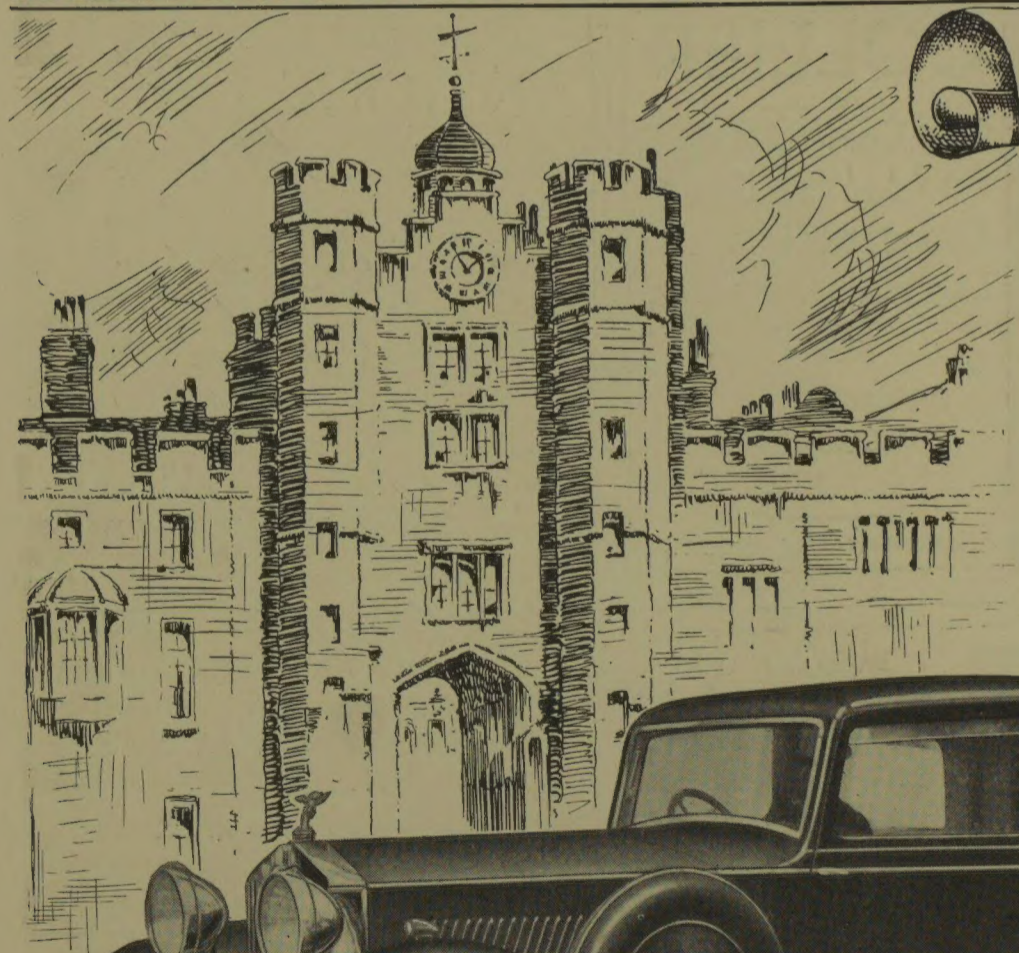
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(Continued.)

Lienz Dolomites, Grossglockner, and Venediger groups; and Matrei, in East Tirol, are yet others of the Tirol's numerous summer holiday centres; but the finest of them all is the capital of the Tirol—Innsbruck.

Innsbruck, with a beautiful and romantic situation, on the bank of the fast-flowing River Inn, and almost ringed round with lofty mountain peaks, has preserved the spirit of its proud past, whilst it has adapted itself to modern demand in the provision of amusement and recreation; and there you can lodge in luxury hotels, among which—outstanding—is the Hotel Tyrol, dance, play tennis and golf, listen to opera, see the drama or the latest cinema picture, and yet remain in a centre of Tirolese art, with splendid examples of it at almost every turn, whether it be the Hofkirche (with its gigantic marble sarcophagus of the Emperor Maximilian, adorned with twenty-eight life-size statues of bronze), the Hofburg, or the Goldenes Dachl (the Golden Roof). For a holiday in the Tirol, combining the attractions of town and country, Innsbruck, connected by mountain railway with some of the most beautiful of the Tirolese mountains, and by rail and road with the loveliest of scenery, is unrivalled.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"GAY DECEIVERS," AT THE GAIETY.

THIS musical comedy has a little of that something that the others haven't got. A witty book, for example, that tells a reasonably coherent story; a score that is distinctly above the average; good production, and a first-class company. Mr. David Hutcheson is no vocalist, but he does at least look as if he might be the favourite nephew of an aunt who owns West Indian sugar plantations. Mr. Clifford Mollison can always agreeably assume the air of a nit-wit whose native charm wins him social success and the prettiest girl in the cast as his wife. That Mr. Mollison should assume the name of the more astute Mr. Hutcheson, and find himself compelled to "work like a black," is the simple theme of this story. But it suffices. It is laughable to see Mr. Mollison's head being ducked in a barrel whenever, revolting at his enforced labour, he attempts to resume his own identity. Mr. Hutcheson, posing as the doctor in charge of a mental case, gets a good deal of fun out of watching his struggles. Inter-marriage probably explains why most of the ladies in the all-British

atmosphere have American accents. Miss Charlotte Greenwood, though looking completely unlike the lady of the Shires she is supposed to be, yet does suggest that, while she might be uneasy when chasing the fox, she gets a lot of fun out of hunting monkeys who throw coconuts at her. Miss Claire Luce, blonde yet charming, somewhat overacts as the tomboy heroine. Still, she dances delightfully—pulls Miss Gina Malo's hair very aggressively, and wins the applause of the evening (performing that feat known as "stopping the show") with a Spanish dance. In this the attractively costumed and cleverly moonlit chorus added much to the effect. Probably as satisfying an entertainment as the Gaiety has put on for some years.

"ROULETTE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

One feels that the day of the rather "daring" farce is finished. Until, that is, the cycle revolves again. The limits imposed by the Lord Chamberlain suggest that after "The Greeks Had a Word for It" we shall return to the innocence of "Sweet Lavender." Ten years ago this adaptation from the Hungarian might have been thought incredibly naughty. Nowadays, to, the confirmed first-nighter, it seems somewhat schoolboyish in its attempts to shock. The efforts of a lady of the town to teach a deserted bride how to attract the masculine eye by means of a carelessly raised skirt seems rather juvenile in its technique. The story is of a young man who, on his bridal night, deserts his wife to play roulette. She seeks diversion elsewhere: entertains a pleasant but improper lady who tells her how to have fun even though her husband is gambling away the honeymoon funds in the Casino. Mildly naughty, mildly entertaining. Miss Hella Kurty is good as the bride, and Miss Margaret Rawlings brilliant as the lady of the town.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE "BARBER" AT COVENT GARDEN.

"IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA," the third of Rossini's operas to be given at Covent Garden this season, has now been produced, and an audience as large as that drawn by the "Ring" showed their enthusiasm in an unmistakable manner. Every time this opera is revived it justifies abundantly its reputation to be one of the greatest comic operas ever

written. Its greatness consists partly in the fact that even as a comedy without music it would be of outstanding merit, while Rossini has set it to music not only with a perfect comprehension of all its dramatic and comic points, to which he has added a musical invention that illustrates and enhances them, but he has also gone farther than the librettist and added a measure of fantasy and musical wit that is exceptional, even among his own works. Not for one moment does his invention fail or his gaiety flag, and for each of the personages of the comedy he has invented a musical character that is at once telling and unmistakable.

In spite of the great success of the production on the first night, it cannot be said that the cast was altogether ideal. The first appearance of Lily Pons at Covent Garden was an event of considerable interest, and her performance as Rosina had many merits, one of which is a youthful, lively, and attractive appearance. As a coloratura soprano she has a considerable technique, although I would not yet put her in the same class as Maria Ivogün or Toti dal Monte. There was a slight sense of strain all through her singing of "Una Voce," which, of course, may have been due to nervousness at a first appearance at Covent Garden.

The Figaro of Giovanni Inghilleri rather disappointed me. It is not a rôle well suited to this singer, and nobody with recollections of Tito Ruffo in this part could be satisfied with a performance that was altogether too routine and uninspired in character. After all, Figaro is the mainspring of the action, and his abounding vitality should be felt from his first appearance and sustained throughout the action. But on this occasion the part, I thought, almost sank to that of a minor character. On the other hand, the two important rôles of Don Basilio and Dr. Bartolo were superbly played and sung by Ezio Pinza and Carlo Scattola respectively. Even with a vivid recollection of Chaliapin in the part of Don Basilio, I found the performance of Ezio Pinza completely satisfying—which is saying a great deal.

The tenor on this occasion was an English one, Heddle Nash, whose voice is of a very agreeable quality, though rather light. The ensemble was generally good, and the orchestra, under Vincenzo Bellezza, played well; but I think something more interesting might have been found for Lily Pons to sing during the famous singing lesson than the rather colourless exercise which was given to her.—W. J. TURNER.

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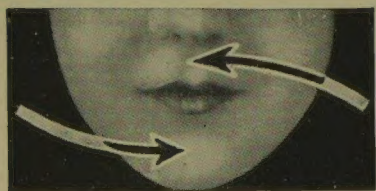
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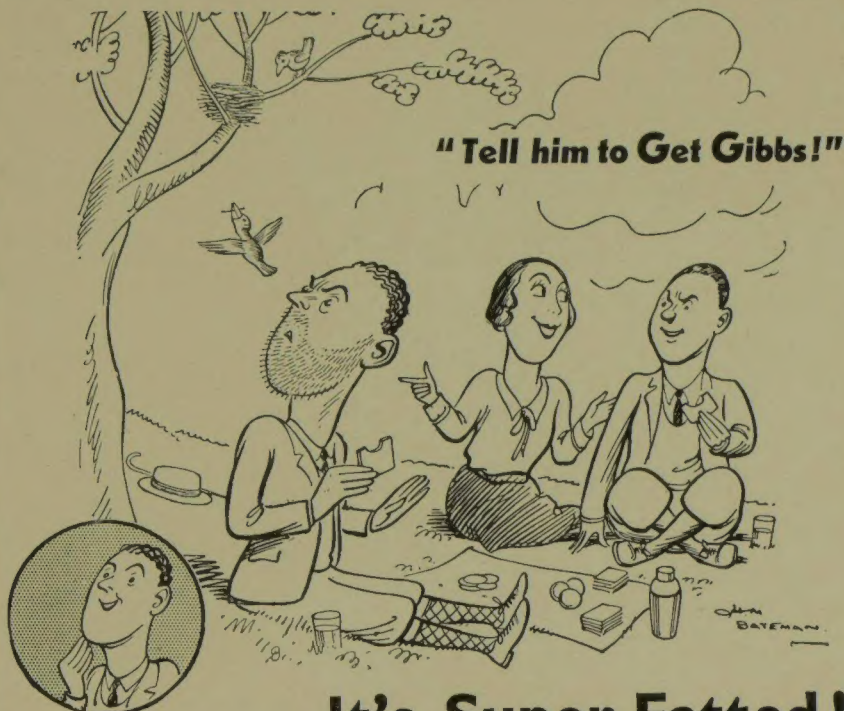
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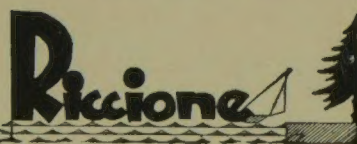
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